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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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"Good-bye to All That!"

THE engaging title of Mr. Robert Graves's new book is far too good not to steal. Echoes of desire ring back to it from the weary mind.

Good-bye to all that! Good-bye to long dull stories of morons tangled in their own crude desires, stories proclaimed for their truth, as if the truth about insignificant experience ever really mattered. Good-bye to sexy narratives that go just beyond decency and stop just short of wit. Good-bye to detective romances written by authors just ingenious enough to invent a plot that having no rational solution must be explained in a chapter of solid lead at the end. Good-bye to poetry whose incomprehensibility conceals a vacuum. Good-bye to stories of young ladies who thought it right to go wrong. Good-bye to *safari* books with pictures of dead animals and badly nourished blacks. Good-bye to dull, flat, cheap books precisely like a hundred other dull, flat, cheap books, with publishers' blurbs on the flaps, saying *this* is the book you have been waiting for, this is literature! Good-bye to *that*.

Good-bye to reviewers who spoil a good book by taking it apart like a corpse on a dissecting table which never can be put together again. "In Chapter One we find—In Chapter Two we see—In Chapter Three the author proposes—" Good-bye to *them*.

Good-bye to writers who slide like a flatting tenor just a little away from everything they try to say, expressing themselves with just enough inaccuracy to seem to be writing English until you take the trouble to investigate. Good-bye to peevish critics with a grievance who knife a book because they have been hurt in their opinions. Good-bye to the stupid blunderers among their colleagues who review a book for what isn't in it, and mix up what they find there. A long good-bye to them.

Good-bye to nasty stories of nasty boys and girls who in the imagination of the usually middle-aged author do whatever they do nastily. Good-bye to all that, and to him too, for the boys and girls are getting old enough to write about themselves, and their reports are quite different.

Good-bye to books that solve every American problem by prosperity and confuse happiness with cleanliness and success with a full stomach and indigestion afterward. Good-bye also to the carpers on the other side who are determined to bite their nails and be gloomy.

Good-bye to everything ending with ist or ic.

Good-bye to the fictionized biography, in which truth is made stranger than fiction and not half so convincing. Good-bye to a hundred such books written by industrious hacks because the patient public has turned toward biography. Good-bye to the ghost writers, a shadowy throng who provide self-expression for inarticulate captains of industry. Good-bye to short stories written by formula and guaranteed to knock out your eye with the last paragraph. Good-bye to advertisements written like cheap fiction and cheap fiction written like bad advertisements. Good-bye to all that!

Good-bye to pseudo scientific manuals on how to live from the cradle to the grave, which explain everything except how their authors came to be such astonishing fools as to suppose their books were either science or sense. Good-bye to all such quacking. Good-bye to books on religion that say what someone else said, repeating a platitude by a platitudinist. Good-bye to privately printed verse. Good-bye to trashy best-sellers concocted to fool the public. Good-bye to most books and more magazines. Good-bye to literacy, judging from the results.

Good-bye— But it is time to wake up.

Building in Stone

By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

GOD is still glorified—
To him the wakeful arch holds up in prayer,
Nightly dumb glass keeps vigil to declare
His East, and Eastertide;

The constant pavement lays
Its flatness for his feet, each pier acquaints
Neighbor, him housed; time-thumbed, forgotten saints
Do not forget to praise;

All parcels of the whole,
Each hidden, each revealed, each thrust and stress,
Antiphonally interlocked, confess
Him, stay, and him, control.

Whether upon the fens
Anchored, with all her canvas and all her shrouds,
Ely signal him to willows and clouds
And cattle, or whether Wren's

Unperturbed dome, above
The city roaring with mechanic throat
And climbing in layer on layer of Babel, float
Like an escaping dove,

Or whether in countryside
Stationed all humble and holy churches keep
Faith with the faith of those who lie asleep,
God is still glorified;

Since by the steadfastness
Of his most mute creation man conjures
—Man, so soon hushed—the silence which endures
To bear in mind, and bless.

This Week

"Francis Rabelais," and "All the Extant Works of François Rabelais."
Reviewed by JOHN M. BERDAN.

"Men and Morals."
Reviewed by GEORGE BOAS.

"Our Singing Strength."
Reviewed by THEODORE BAIRD.

"Lincoln."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"Pedagogically Speaking."
Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS.

"A Short History of Chinese Civilization."
Reviewed by NATHANIEL PEFFER.

"The Way of Ecben."
Reviewed by EMILY CLARK.

"Schweik: The Good Soldier."
Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT.

"The Drink."
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Carnegie Foundation Bulletin on American Athletics.
Reviewed by C. W. MENDELL.

Next Week, or Later

The New Humanism.
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

Rabelais, Humanist*

By JOHN M. BERDAN
Yale University

SINCE the time of Homer's much travelled Odysseus acquaintance with foreign countries and foreign customs has been considered a part of a liberal education. Yet to profit by such an experience the missionary attitude of bringing culture to the benighted must be abandoned; the voyager must keep an open mind, a mind keen to appreciate the excellencies, to discriminate between the fundamentals and the superficialities, and able to sympathize with the people among whom he sojourns. All this is difficult. It is difficult to accustom oneself to new manners of speech and fresh modes of thought; it is difficult to forget old prejudices and to readjust one's ideas. Educational traveling is hard work.

When, however, such traveling is done not only in space but also in time, the difficulty is doubled. To the ordinary American it comes as a shock to learn how they do things in France; in Minnepitpaugh, Minnesota, such things are not done, or, if done, done in quite another fashion. His standards, standards which he has inherited from his father (just as good a man as ever lived!) and which he has followed all his life (Minnepitpaugh folks are fools, not by a long shot!) are curiously and completely ignored by the ignorant Parisians. He does not like this and he does not like them. When the Paris in question is not the Paris of the twentieth century but the Paris of the sixteenth, in his bewilderment he dismisses the whole matter with the thankful feeling that he (and we) is not as other men are and that he will keep his children free from foreign contamination. Such books ought to be kept out of the country.

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It must be granted that the gentleman from Minnepitpaugh, Minn., is within his rights here, and, in the case of a foreign author so difficult as Rabelais, that there is a good deal to be said for his side of the case. For Rabelais is undeniably hard to understand. He is a humorist, and, when the point of the joke has been lost through the centuries or can be understood only by a reference to a long detailed side-note, the humor does not evoke spontaneous laughter. One does not laugh readily until he sees something to laugh at. Fortunately Rabelais has been sufficiently attractive to gather around him a group of scholars, *La Société des Études Rabelaisiennes*, who have devoted themselves to a study of their favorite author. Fortunately also the results of their work are available to the American public in a fresh life and in a new translation. Therefore, first of all, it may be stated confidently, with Mr. Nock, that the old idea of the book containing a political allegory must be abandoned. This is in line with modern scholarship in other subjects and is only common sense. In an age when the sovereign was all powerful no author dared risk his displeasure by indulging in allegories reconditely unpleasant. And if the sovereign were too dull to grasp the meaning there were plenty of people willing to explain it to him. Even abroad one had to be careful. James of Scotland was ready enough to see an attack upon his mother in Spenser's "Duessa," a portraiture sufficiently obscure. At home it was too dangerous. So to see in Rabelais's

* FRANCIS RABELAIS, The Man and His Work. By ALBERT J. NOCK and C. R. WILSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929.
ALL THE EXTANT WORKS OF FRANÇOIS RABELAIS. Translated by SAMUEL PUTNAM. Privately printed for subscribers only. New York: Covici-Friede.

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work characters masquerading as François Premier or Pope Julius II, however delightful, is more than dubious. The actual truth is not delight at all, because we have never heard of the persons. We know all about Francis and we remember the burning eyes of the Pope in Raphael's portrait, but the matter of Rabelais is both contemporary and local. The book starts with a parody of a forgotten type of literature. At that time accounts of giants were popular. To us, with our detailed knowledge of all parts of the earth, such yarns are not even "travellers' tales"; to them, with the vast unknown just over the horizon, giants were not only possible but even probable. There is scriptural authority that there were giants in those days, and Og, King of Bashan, was a historical instance. It was heresy to doubt even if the good burghers had any such inclination. Their state of belief in giants must have been somewhat analogous to ours, say, in the giant octopus. I myself have no reason to doubt the existence of the creature, yet I have never seen one, nor have I ever seen a man who has seen one. Moreover, its existence, or non-existence in no way affects my own life. Yet I read of them with a distinct interest and creepy shudders, blending into one fiction and fact. Central France was blessed in the possession of a traditional giant, Gargantua, around whose immense personality had gathered all the wives' tales of the district. So when there appeared at the great August fair at Lyons a collection of these tales, "The Great and Inestimable Chronicles of the Huge Giant Gargantua," the book proved popular. It is in no way surprising that a lively, fun-loving soul like François Rabelais should see, and seize, the opportunity for parody. Brought up in the Church at a time when education was almost a religious prerogative, he appreciated the absurdity of such stories; a practising physician, he was naturally sceptical. So he writes "The Horrible and Dreadful Feats and Prowesses of the Most Renowned Pantagruel." When it is understood that Pantagruel is the son of Gargantua, what more needs to be said? Of course at the November fair the fat Lyonnais burghers believed the plausible and ridiculous adventures of Gargantua's gargantuan progeny, and of course the learned snickered. But we, who do not believe in giants and have not been brought up on Gargantua, scratch our heads in bewilderment that the book should have been considered funny.

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Another difficulty in our understanding the work of Rabelais lies in the fact that the various parts were composed at widely separate intervals during twenty years. Under the circumstances it is futile to expect either continuity or consistency. So far as the characters are concerned, there is no development. Friar John, or Panurge, is the same wherever he appears; the years bring no gray hairs to their heads. In Book III Pantagruel occasionally ceases to be gigantic and in Book IV is a human being of normal stature. On a thin, very thin, thread of narrative is hung a large number of separate episodes, to understand any one of which requires special knowledge on the part of the twentieth century reader. For example: as a loyal son, Chinon (a town of five thousand inhabitants) is to him "a most distinguished city, a right noble city, a most ancient city,—indeed, one might say, the first city of the world. . . ." In spite of the fact that during the Hundred Years War the Chateau had sheltered the king, this statement must be put down to local pride rather than considered as a reasoned judgment. So it is not surprising to learn that the Picrocholine War, instead of being an allegory of high politics, is a burlesque account of the squabble between the servants of Rabelais's father and those of the king's physician concerning the fishing rights in the Loire. As the humor lies in the conscious exaggeration, without a knowledge of the pettiness of the quarrel there is nothing funny here. So by all means should we give Mr. Putnam credit for providing his edition with the absolutely necessary notes which let the reader know what Rabelais is doing. The same condition is true of the burlesque of the "aureate language" used by the Limousin student, of the attacks upon the Sorbonne, upon the lawyers, etc., etc., and finally in Book II on the "combat des dames." There is something ironic that the *jeux d'esprit* of a humorist should be published in three great backbreaking quartos and at a prohibitive price. Volume one weighs ten pounds and a quarter. Surely 'tis a heavy jest.

But if our friend from Minnepitpaugh cannot understand the allusions in Rabelais, unfortunately he can understand the language. He may read it with a snicker, but his wife is outrageously shocked. And according to our American conventions it must be acknowledged "shocking." Rabelais not only calls a spade a spade, but also he seems to go out of his way to refer to those unpleasant implements,—and we do not like it. But living conditions in the sixteenth century were far different from those of today. Much of American prudery is due to American plumbing. We demand privacy and are willing to pay for it. We spend our money so that our houses may be at the farthest distance from those of our neighbors; we spend our money that each person may have his own bedroom, and, if possible, each his own bathroom, so that never is distasteful nudity intruded upon the sanctity of family life. To the mid-Victorian American the sight of the hairy calf of a man's leg is an unpleasant experience; it is "shocking." In both life and language all bodily functions, however necessary, are relegated to the limbo of the unrefined and man has no organs below his shoulders. To mention the belly is frankly vulgar and even the essential, although erratic, stomach is not talked of lightly. In England they go so far as to draw the line at the latter. Yet I question whether Minnepitpaugh would be willing to accept the position that England's civilization is superior to our own on account of its superior delicacy. Nevertheless that, in essence, is Minnepitpaugh's attitude toward Rabelais. There is nothing erotic in the book; yet the intimacy of life in the sixteenth century caused a knowledge and acceptance of the physical that has no parallel today. Brantome reports conversations that exhibit a surprising lack of reserve, and letters written to Aretino by the *femmes du monde* do not show the restraint that, according to Tennyson, characterizes the caste of Vere de Vere. It is unfortunate, but I do not see what is to be done about it. It is too late to reform them. So I tender my respectful sympathy to the ladies of Minnepitpaugh. Of course they can refuse to read Rabelais, just as, shocked by certain conveniences on the Grands Boulevards, they can refuse to go to Paris. Yet such abstention seems hardly wise; at the other end of the Avenue de l'Opéra is the Louvre.

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So far, this explanation of Rabelais's alleged obscenity applies to every writer of the century, Shake-

was the friend of Clement Marot, of Dolet, of Marguerite of Navarre, and of Erasmus; he was patronized both by the Cardinals and by the court. It sounds a paradox to state that a partial explanation of his apparent coarseness lies here. Yet such is the fact. He was a humanist, a man who believed in the revival of classical culture. To such as he, the world had declined since the coming of Christianity and had found its apogee in the great civilizations of Athens and of Rome. As such civilizations were pagan, the morality then differed radically from that taught in the Bible. As in one aspect certainly, the Renaissance may be regarded as a reaction against the medieval Christian conceptions of life, the humanists prided themselves upon a freedom in thought and expression somewhat analogous to that of the present generation in reaction to the Victorian age. And the desire for freedom showed itself in the use of phrases deliberately intended to affront the unlearned, plebeian multitude.

This condition confronts the translator with a pretty problem. A perfect translation should produce on the reader an effect corresponding to that which the book had on its contemporary readers. The connotation of words changes from age to age; no modern gentleman would talk like Mercutio. Just here is my quarrel with Mr. Putnam's translation. "The thing which has been undertaken here is, basically, the translation of Rabelais into the language of the American yeomanry,—that language which our mothers, uncorrupted by any schoolma'arm refinements, spoke—." So far as the present reviewer is concerned it is startling to learn that such language as is employed in the present translation is characteristic of any class of mothers, yeomanry or any other. I speak with diffidence because I am not clear as to what is meant by the American "yeoman." As for the language, in my ignorance I have associated it solely with the trenches and with wartime. I know no such mothers, such unspeakably vulgar mothers. Even if such exist, I fail to see in their speech a proper medium for Rabelais. Immensely learned, thoroughly cultivated, accustomed to court life,—why should the dialect of the "yeoman" (read slum) mother be appropriate to such as him? Oh, I know that the words are literally rendered, but the connotations are different; at least, I cannot picture the great ladies, Anne of Brittany, Renée of France, reading a work such as this translation aloud. The salon has become a saloon.

If such coarseness is one of the liabilities of humanism, there are the corresponding assets. With all its exaggerations and its pedantries, humanism yet gave a perspective to life. To a mind intimately familiar with the grandeur of Greece and the glory of Rome the pettiness of the present life was perfectly apparent. The Sorbonne might rage and the lawyers might wrangle, yet what was it to him? The Abbey of Theleme, with its motto DO WHAT YOU WILL, was the ideal because he believed in the inherent nobility of the human soul. Consequently Rabelais is curiously modern, curiously American. Fashions of cloth, or expression, are merely the accidentals, merely the trappings of the age,—the essential is the same, and man is greater than these. So because he stands there, though clouded by the mists around his breast, in the clear, radiant sanity of his soul, through the ages Rabelais has been the refuge of all those that love peace.

Ethics and Their Exponents

MEN AND MORALS. By WOODBRIDGE RILEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by GEORGE BOAS
Johns Hopkins University

MR. WOODBRIDGE RILEY in this recently issued volume leaves the special subject of early American thought in which he has made an enviable reputation for the broader field of the history of ethics. His book is obviously for the layman and a contribution to that growing mass of literature which tries to make philosophy popular. It is doubtful whether such attempts are ever very successful. One can humanize philosophers, one can interpret their thought in non-technical language, one can spin anecdotes and fables, but the heart of most ethical systems beats to a metaphysical pulse and all the popularization in

t Socrates, Plato,
fucius, Epicurus,
and the rest were flesh and blood men living in flesh and blood societies and that their thought becomes distorted when lifted out of its natural environment and put in a literary zoo. It is that error which Mr. Riley almost succeeds in avoiding and would have completely avoided if he had not thought it necessary to point out "the difficulties of the doctrine." All the doctrines in his book have difficulties for us, even the "modern and moral code that is both practical and amazing" (Doubleday Doran *loquuntur*) which terminates the volume. But Socrates, Epictetus, Confucius, and so on were not writing for twentieth century Americans and though one can maintain, as many people do, that human nature has not changed and is the same all over the globe, nevertheless such a theory is by no means self-evident. Nothing is easier than to pick flaws in bygone and foreign ethics. Yet the real problem is not why these doctrines are unsuitable to us, but why they were so eminently suitable to their adherents. Mr. Riley confines himself almost entirely to systems which dominated great sections of the human race. One may assert as an axiom that great masses of people never accept a doctrine which presents difficulties to them.

Yet a reader on the whole can derive an accurate and interesting account of these various codes of ethics. He will find them expressed in language which after the first two or three chapters seldom descends to that vulgarity which we professors think is virile. He will even find pictures of the great ethicists to corroborate presumably their teachings, seeing Diogenes before his tub with a few sniffing dogs to lend a punning touch, Spinoza walking the cobbled streets with shrinking Jews in the background, Confucius in gorgeous, embroidered robes. He will seldom be bored and usually enlightened. He will find on the whole abundant sympathy for the different philosophic types.

I say "on the whole" because Mr. Riley has one great weakness. He is strangely deaf to the call of saintliness. He can tolerate Saint Thomas, but such characters as Saint Augustine and Rousseau leave him not only cold but beating his breast to keep from

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freezing to death. He treats them as psychopaths. Thus Saint Francis, surely one of the greatest moral leaders in the Christian tradition, is barely mentioned. Has the modern reader no desire to know about the ethics of humility and the cultivation of the inner light, or would such reading be bad for him? One might on the contrary contend with justice that what the modern reader needed above all was a stimulus to cultivate himself. The life we lead more and more drains us of our spiritual resources and our ethics is largely an affair of external adjustments to "society." But after all the more important adjustment is within; what we really lack, as Josiah Royce saw, is a self to express, in spite of the mealy-mouthed vocabulary which articulates this need and disgusts us with it. It seems too bad that Mr. Riley could not have treated this part of European ethics more sympathetically. Yet his failing is common to Anglo-Saxons. One would have no complaint if Mr. Riley omitted the proponents of the inner life altogether; but one can complain when he treats them unfairly.

American Poetry

OUR SINGING STRENGTH. By ALFRED KREYMBORG. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by THEODORE BAIRD
Amherst College

HERE ought to be God's plenty. From the "New England Primer" to Skipwith Cannéll and Ted Robinson, from Philip Freneau to Hart Crane and MacKnight Black, the author attempts to describe the course and the content of American poetry. Something over a third of this large book is given over to the beginnings of American poetry,—that is, American poetry to the renascence of 1912—while the rest is sufficiently inclusive to satisfy many modest poets who will first of all look in the index to spy their own names. The index alone is a joy. There one can find the name of one's friend's friend as well as the name of the author of a book which one felt sure no one else had the discernment to value. This inclusiveness is not however limited to the less recognized poets. E. A. Robinson, Robert Frost, T. S. Eliot, Robinson Jeffers, have a chapter apiece, and figures like Amy Lowell, Ezra Pound, E. L. Masters, and Carl Sandburg receive detailed treatment.

The author confesses that his book is the work of an amateur, and it has all the enthusiasm of an amateur. He trusts to his "supple catholicity," and he says, "I can only unbosom myself along the manifold theme of American poetry." In another place he confesses, "I am not an incomparable critic—no critic at all in fact." Unfortunately in treating poetry before 1912 he is generally ill at ease and sometimes unsympathetic. Why should he, whose love is poetry, and whose concern is making us share his love go over the old, old ground by attacking Longfellow as he has been often enough attacked? Surely his task was to show us Longfellow's strength as a singer, as G. R. Elliott, for instance, has done in his "Cycle of Modern Poetry." The truth is that in this portion the author is uncertain of his purpose, trying to give facts and dates in true handbook fashion, carrying his attempt to be exhaustive so far that he is forced to say, " 'Snow-Bound' is a New England classic, and as such has earned for its author a life among our immortal poets." Furthermore he devotes page after page to summarizing long poems, a worse than useless task, though he does give point to many of his remarks by frequent direct quotation. Let it not be forgotten, however, that this is a rare book, a consideration of a nation's poetry by a poet. When the poet speaks one necessarily listens with great interest, but when he tries to do the spade work of the academic historian one can only regret his wasted effort.

His attitude which is rather "modern" than poetic in the early portions of the book (witness his treatment of Emily Dickinson, whom he calls "rowdy," and his remarks about Whitman's "lovelife") appears to be more poetic than "modern" when he is speaking of his contemporaries. Here he is entirely at his ease and here he makes his genuine contribution. Since many of these gentlemen and ladies must be his friends, when he criticizes them for what he judges to be a weakness he must immediately make handsome amends, but he does recognize weaknesses aplenty. He remarks wittily of what he calls the "cuteness" of Edna Millay that "this sort of thing has lured small-town lasses to the Village, and driven mature bohemians to respectable apartment houses." When his concern is singing strength and not friendship he lambastes Ezra Pound, and E. E. Cummings makes him almost yearn for the despised Longfellow. And what he refuses to say about Robinson's long poems is better than many a balanced criticism.

"People had written poetry before [1912]," he says, "but not such poetry as ours." The author's greatest achievement comes in making the reader see why his kind of poetry is a new kind, and more than that he makes the reader feel the dramatic qualities of the life of poetry in this country. Certainly the story he tells is dramatic. Forces are in conflict. Poetry, a force, is striving to capture Life. In opposition to poetry are economic pressure, a careless and worldly public, not to mention the ultimate struggles of the poet in capturing life and not something masquerading as life. In short, the poet must know life directly, like Maxwell Bodenheim, and he must not learn about life from books, like Longfellow, Lowell, and George Sterling. Books in only rare instances can be put to use by the modern poet who is at the same time a profound classical scholar, like Walter Arensberg.

The persons involved in this exciting drama take

From "Abraham Lincoln: A Cartoon History," by Albert Shaw (Review of Reviews Corporation).

on an added majesty. They are not merely persons who put words on paper in making a poem. The author by means of elegant variation in naming them somehow generalizes them so that they come to mean not only persons but forces. Thus Keats is "the immortal lad overseas"; Holmes, "the genial little medico"; Dante, "the immortal Italian"; Lizette Reese, "the Baltimore oriole"; Lincoln, "the all-saving railsplitter," the savior indeed of many a poem as the author suggests; John Gould Fletcher, "an impassioned monk"; Amy Lowell, "the duellist"; Sandburg; "the prairie galoot"; Bodenheim, "the Mississippi Hamlet." Places as well as persons become actively engaged in the drama, for the author has the geographical sense of Whitman. Ezra Pound races abroad in frantic search of strange foreign cultures. Orrick Johns flees to the solitudes of Italy.

"We waste too much time trying to classify poets. So few of our poets are artists, we ought to be grateful for the few." Despite this statement the author for the purposes of his book is forced to classify. The lists of names, and there are many, attempt to cover the ground of contemporary poetry. There is a long list of poets who are either dead or who have given up the struggle for other occupations, like John Erskine, and another list of fourteen men and thirteen women whose work has some particular interest, like Conrad Aiken and Leonora Speyer. A whole chapter is devoted to a group of thirty-five eccentrics, like William Carlos Williams and Wallace Stevens. There is a southern group, a Harvard group, outranked by Phelps Putnam of Yale, a hardboiled group. Dead ventures like *The Seven Arts* and living ones like "The American Caravan" and *The Hound and Horn* are all considered in relation to the struggle for poetry to exist in this country.

No one who is not an actor in the drama could write so excitingly of the struggle. The author is himself keenly aware of poets as dreadfully contorted spiritual beings. He understands their sufferings and their ambitions. The very existence of a book like "Our Singing Strength," delightfully written, and is an indication that there exists today a large audience to appreciate the drama.

Mr. Ludwig Looks at Lincoln

LINCOLN. By EMIL LUDWIG. Translated from the German by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1930. $5 net.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. LUDWIG prefaces his shrewd book by a shrewd disclaimer. He has no new information about Lincoln to impart, as he says, and he has no new interpretation of Lincoln's character or his rôle in history. What he does have is a biographical method of his own. As he studied a mass of conflicting materials to produce his "Goethe" and his "Napoleon," so he has gone through a wide variety of books about Lincoln to disengage an impression of the man. As a further shield against criticism, he begs his readers to judge the book as a whole, "and not to be too critical of minute parts." He makes it clear that it was only recently that he began to study Lincoln in earnest, and he names some of the volumes that have assisted him—Beveridge's, Sandburg's, Tarbell's, Lord Charnwood's.

What Mr. Ludwig calls his "new historical method" is, at least in this book, very simple; and because it is simple it is shrewd. He has produced an elementary story-life of Lincoln illuminated by an extraordinary number of quotations from Lincoln's letters, addresses, and conversations. He has avoided all the pitfalls which lie in wait for a novice who tries too ambitious a task. That is, he has said nothing about the history of the times that cannot be found in a good college textbook. He has refused to take up a single one of the really perplexing historical problems—Douglas's motives in proposing the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, for example, or the validity of the charges against Buchanan's Cabinet, or Lincoln's real view of the Wade-Davis bill. As in dealing with the political background he has kept to the well-trodden highway, so, too, has he done so in dealing with the questions which puzzle those who study Lincoln's mind and character. No one would suspect from reading this book that Lincoln's religious opinions are still a debated subject, or that Lincoln's own party during the war quarreled violently over the question whether he was too mild and slow, or that Mr. Nathaniel Stephenson's reading of Lincoln's psychology is vigorously disputed by other students. Mr. Ludwig has given us a simple, traditional, easily-understood Lincoln, and has made him human by the play of quotation and anecdote.

The biography, as a result, will be entertaining and valuable to those who are just beginning their study of Lincoln, and absolutely useless to all others. There will always be a place for the well-written rudimentary biography of Lincoln; we should have one every few years. On its rather low plane, Mr. Ludwig's has distinctive merits. It possesses interest from start to finish. It levies impartially and uncritically upon all the standard works—upon Nicolay and Hay, Herndon, Ida Tarbell, John T. Morse, Beveridge, and the rest; and since Mr. Ludwig has a real eye for the significant, it takes a good deal of the best from each source. The use of the quotations from Lincoln is always good and often highly effective. At times, especially in the closing pages of the book, the reader feels that Mr. Ludwig has no really compelling and moving admiration for Lincoln. He is so intent on rendering his homely human side that he has failed to see the magnificent qualities he developed under stress of the war. His two final chapters are entitled "Liberator" and "Father," and he brings out adequately Lincoln's service in freeing the slave, and his paternal love for the American people; but he nowhere perceives the greatness of his service and station as a vindicator of democratic government. Compared with Lord Charnwood's infinitely superior biography, the book lacks almost as much in warmth as it does in penetration. But for the abecedarians it will be useful, and we may be sure that many thousands will read it.

Its greatest usefulness will perhaps be in Europe. While in England Lincoln has of recent years become well known, on the Continent he has been little regarded. Mr. Ludwig has the attention of a cosmopolitan audience, and in Germany particularly his "Lincoln" should be welcomed and studied. "I see him," he writes of Lincoln in his preface, "like one of the Shakespeare's characters, absolutely original, comparable to none, immemorably unique." If he can awaken large numbers of European students to the dramatic interest and the grandeur of Lincoln's career, his facile pen will have performed one of its best services.

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Stuff Dreams Are Made On

PEDAGOGICALLY SPEAKING, Essays and Addresses on Topics More or Less Educational. By FELIX E. SCHELLING. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1929. $2.

THE GOLDEN ASSE, and Other Essays. By MARY ELLEN CHASE. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1929. $2.

ON THE MARGINS OF OLD BOOKS. By JULES LEMAITRE. Translated by CLARENCE STRATTON. New York: Coward-McCann. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

HERE are three books of dreams. Some medieval commentators divided dreams roughly into three classes, it is not an impertinence to classify these books accordingly, to decide what kind of a *somnium* each of the authors has experienced, and so to arrive at a hasty estimate of the books' validity and general significance. Nor is it invidious to consider these essays together. Professor Schelling, Miss Chase, and Mr. Stratton are all teachers of English, and their observations have to do with the "Humanities"; all three have dreamed—Mr. Stratton at second hand—of old ghosts; all three are, implicitly or avowedly, *laudatores temporis acti*. Each regrets the passing of scholarship and leisured culture; each distrusts the present.

Your fourteenth-century Freud knew three main types of dream. The lowest he called *naturale*. This proceeded from natural causes—from indigestion, from unbalanced humors, and the like, and had no higher meaning. Slightly more subtle was the *animale*, which might come from a number of causes—worry, mental concentration, "suppressed desires," difficult reading just before sleep, but it, too, conveyed no arcane warning. The dream of the highest type was called the *celeste*. This was the presage, the prophetic vision, and was the result of supernatural intervention. It was not to be disregarded, for it was a revelation, a small apocalypse, full of meaning; unfortunately, it was vouchsafed to very few, and then only to princes, aldermen, poets, and other great folk. Such a dream was Pharaoh's; so Æneas dreamed while Troy was burning; and such a dream within its modest limits, is Professor Schelling's. But M. LeMaitre has dreamed a *naturale*, as many of us have, especially on Thanksgiving night; and Miss Chase has dreamed an *animale*, as most of us have, who like to read in bed.

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Let us begin with our *somnium naturale*. In M. LeMaitre's book, Chaucer's subtile Doctour of Phisyk would unquestionably recognize all the symptoms of the dream resulting from indigestion. It seems that M. LeMaitre has feasted tremendously, and probably unwisely, on old books. Careless of Bacon's dietetics, he has swallowed whole libraries: Vergil, Homer, the "Zend-Avesta," "Don Quixote," the "Legenda Aurea," "Rabelais," the "Decarerone," Madame de Sévigné,—Heaven knows how much more! And having done so, he has gone to bed; and, in his own words, abandoned himself "without scruple to those dreams of the past that, asleep itself, invites others to sleep as well." Not too well! Sometimes dreams are distortions of things seen, sometimes they are febrile imaginings of things no man has ever seen. Mr. Le Maitre's essays would reconstruct, would "modernize," scenes from old books; or they would invent new scenes to fill up lacunæ in the originals. Thus, Dido, rescued from her pyre, lives happily to marry Iarbas, the Numidian King. Or Panurge marries. Or Helen ingratiates herself with the Trojan wives by means of her "innocent diplomacy" (it is significant, I think, that neither Professor John Erskine nor M. LeMaitre hesitates to caper in where Homer feared to tread). . . . To what end? These little tales are pleasant enough, harmless enough; even, in spite of a clumping translation, readable enough. But, like Professor Erskine's novels, they bore one with their graceful vacuity, irritate with their conscious cleverness. It is a petty arrogance to presume to embroider the perfectly lovely, to "interpret" the perfectly apparent, to "popularize" that which needs no popularization. It is a waste of time to write such books, and I can't understand the desire to translate them. If one knows the classics, he will not be interested in them; if one does not, they offer a perilously trivial substitute.

Miss Chase's essays are of a different kind, but are no less tenuous. She has had a *somnium animale*, induced by romantic meditation, and has recorded it in what used to be known as Beautiful Prose. She writes of a childhood spent reading the classics in Maine, and attempts, in a Lamb-like way, to re-recreate an experience well worth re-creation. But she fails, for several reasons. In the first place, the tone of the essays is best to be described as being wistful. In an age of noise and Rotary—and this, it seems, is such an age—the only escape is by the way of dream-reminiscence. Now, if romantic reconstructions of golden Arcadias have any value at all, it is only in so far as they serve as a stimulus to improve the present; and to do so, they must be vigorous, unsentimental, and proportioned. But Miss Chase's Maine, however, real to her, is a never-never-land as she has described it. Boneless, drained, unsubstantial, her characters are like Lamb's Dream-children in their prettiness and their futility. And the essays are superficial, so superficial that the rather self-conscious whimisicality doesn't validate them. And finally, one does not need the occasional references to Pater to account for the enervated artificiality of Miss Chase's style. Like M. LeMaitre's *marginalia*, this book is pleasant (if one is to be pleased so), and harmless. But M. LeMaitre is more fun: his indigestion is actual. . . . The Ancients, whose oblivion both writers lament, had an excellent word for books of this kind: they called them *nugæ*.

Professor Schelling's book is an example of the *somnium celeste*, the authentic, purposeful vision. Like all the others, he is aware of the passage of time, regrets our present-day neglect of what is abiding, and longs for a return of the "Humanities." Unlike the others, he proposes to do something about it. He does not waste his energies upon golden fantasies, nor does he offer the easy anodyne of the Wistful Retreat. Vigorous, practical, he has more than a *Weltschmerz* to express. Whether he is treating of the idea of a university, of the teacher of English, or of the need of a more thorough preparation for college, he is always the man with a cause, thoroughly alive, vitally exciting. Sometimes his enthusiasm leads him into what seems to me to be exaggeration: he suggests, for instance, that no Shakespeare be taught in secondary schools, because in college he has to "unteach so much"; sometimes his judgments are more forceful than acute, as when he is dealing with Mr. Pound, or "modern" music; and sometimes I can't follow him at all: he speaks of the tyranny of the preparatory schools over the colleges, for instance; which, to one whose teaching is threatened at every turn by the medieval entrance-requirements of most universities and the antediluvian antics of the College Board, sounds very much like humor. "But "Pedagogically Speaking" is a book that every instructor, in college or school, should be required to own and to read at least once a year.

> Lo Catoun, which that was so wys a man,
> Seyde he nat thus, Ne do no fors of dremes?

We teachers, particularly English teachers, dream too much. It is seldom that we dream a *celeste*. *Ne do no fors*, if you are wise, of the vain deluding fancies, however grateful. But when a man like Professor Schelling speaks out authentically and courageously, we shall be the better for listening.

The Pageant of a Race

A SHORT HISTORY OF CHINESE CIVILIZATION. By RICHARD WILHELM. Translated from the German by JOAN JOSHUA. New York: Viking Press. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by NATHANIEL PEFFER

THE books on China of which indeed there is no end fall generally into two classes. There are the orthodox political chronicles, with emphasis on recent times in which the West has figured, and the conventional travel stuff, with emphasis on differences of custom. Of the kind which Dr. Wilhelm's book represents there has scarcely been a beginning. This is history as historians themselves have come to construe the word—the consecutive story of a people rather than of a government. Of no nation has this kind of history been more necessary than China, for in no land has the essential life of the people been more sharply separated from their government. Down to the latest newspaper headlines our own failure to understand China may be largely attributed to our persistence in thinking of the country in terms of its politics.

If the history of China's civilization is to be written now, it must be in the spirit of an obituary memoir, for if that civilization is not quite dead, it is at least in its death throes. And so far have the Chinese lost interest in the past, except in so far as they wish to sever its bonds, that there is no accident in the fact that it is a foreigner who writes this book. Fortunately the task has been undertaken by one with the qualifications of Dr. Wilhelm, a sinologue who combines with Chinese scholarship imagination and a sense of human values.

Here, then, is the pageant of a race, one of the oldest in the world, and of its civilization, the oldest coming down to our own time. It is a pageant as terrible as it is beautiful. Little has been spared the Chinese. As one views the long procession of Chinese history in perspective, one wonders, not that they now seem ineffective but that there is enough vitality to attempt to start fresh in the setting of a wholly new civilizaion. But also China has had moments of grandeur unsurpassed by any other of the great races which have left their mark in time, grandeur of power as well as culture, a fact overlooked by so many whose judgments of men, races, and history are derived from the last three hundred years.

It is the chief merit of Dr. Wilhelm's book that he has been able to crowd into the small canvas given him a picture in which this perspective is not lost. Details are necessarily wanting here and there, but the outline is never blurred. One may quarrel now and then with his values of light and shade: perhaps, like so many Chinese, he idealizes antiquity, particularly the formative period of the early Chou dynasty, a thousand years before Christ. Nevertheless there emerges from this picture a conception of unity. China is given its place in world history—not as political growth, or dynastic successions, or wars, but as an organic culture, emerging, forming, developing, and maturing.

Dr. Wilhelm brings his story only to the beginning of the Manchu dynasty in the seventeenth century, for then, as he properly says, the West appeared on the scene and the development of Chinese civilization lost its unity. He might have added that then China's civilization was doomed. For whatever the ultimate issue may be, the new currents set flowing by the West have deflected the course of the stream of Chinese culture. The unique quality of Chinese civilization, developed in a continent shut off by desert, mountain, and ocean, has been diluted. "The history of Chinese civilization has now become part of that humanity as a whole, in the evolution of which we are all concerned." But before the fusion is complete it is important to have a record of that which gave China greatness for three thousand years, and fortunate that the task of formulating it should have been so successfully executed.

Aldous Huxley, in an interview which he recently granted to an English newspaper, said, apropos of the art of fiction: "You cannot draw characters from real life, unless you also recreate their circumstances. They do not exist without. But it is the art of the novelist to observe people and incidents around him and to weave them into his books. All the great writers have done so. None of the characters in 'Point Counter Point' is a portrait of any living being, but I should hesitate to say that I have not consciously or unconsciously drawn on people I have met in creating my characters. That is the only way to make your people human beings. But if you tried to make an exact portrait of a real person the result would be clumsy, for the reason I have given."

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Farewell to Youth

THE WAY OF ECBEN. A Comedietta Involving a Gentleman. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by EMILY CLARK

THIS farewell to youth by Mr. Cabell has already, inevitably, been misunderstood by many persons. Perhaps Mr. Cabell places, publicly, a higher value upon youth than any person alive today. It is, he is the first to admit, a desperately uncomfortable state, to which he cries "Vale!" without too much regret. But it is also, he believes, the only state to which belong the glory and the freshness of the dream essential to a new creation. So, in one of the shortest of these chapters of the biography, which for want of a better word one calls novels, he says Hail and Farewell to Ettarre, the witch-woman, and to Horvendile, her faithful, unsatisfied poet-lover of the ages.

Alfgar, King of Ecben, who gives up his throne and his bride because of a brief, unfortunate glimpse of Ettarre, is rare among Cabell heroes, in that he has merited as a sub-title to his story "a Comedietta Involving a Gentleman." He is, I believe, the first gentleman to figure importantly in a Cabell story except Colonel Musgrave of Matocton in "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck." Mr. Cabell has dealt largely with poets, pawnbrokers, great leaders, and great noblemen of State and Church, but only, as I remember, on two occasions with gentlemen. These two books bring into the light an important fact: Mr. Cabell is not sufficiently skeptical to disbelieve in the existence of gentlemen, but he is sufficiently skeptical to believe that the fate of a true gentleman in a world which is neither just, rational, nor urbane is only a degree less tragic than the fate of a true poet. And this is merely another way of saying that Mr. Cabell, though often sad, is never cynical.

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The first chapter of this book is concerned with war between Alfgar, the King of Ecben, and Ulf, the King of Rorn, caused by the desire of both of them for a princess called Ettaine, as lustrous in appearance, and as lustreless in mental and moral qualities as most of Mr. Cabell's flesh-and-blood women. At the moment of his victory and on the eve of his marriage King Alfgar is fleetingly visited by Ettarre, with her red-haired poet who first drew her from the grey wastes beyond the moon, heralded by the remote skirling of the music from behind the moon. And the next day he gives up his kingdom of Ecben and his bride, Ettaine, to his defeated rival, Ulf, of Rorn, to wander far from the set ways of life at the summoning of Ettarre. On the first lap of his journey he gives the strength of his hands to a leper who asks it in the king's name. Although Ulf is King of Ecben only through the grace of Alfgar he has proved himself royal by refusing to forsake his gods even when they have forsaken him. Thereafter, throughout his journey Afgar yields his most valued possessions to requests made in the name of Ettarre and of the god of Ecben, whom he alone now worships; to the demand of the little people of Darvan that kings must pay for being kings, and to other unreasonable demands so phrased that a gentleman may not refuse them. The requirements of the little people of Darvan, maddened by the certainty that they cannot understand or defile that "very small, pure gleam of majesty" which has caused royal persons to be other than the inhabitants of Darvan, with their hunting-cry of "The King pays!" were, naturally, the most horrible and exacting that Alfgar was compelled to meet. For Alfgar, throughout his living, keeps to the old way of Ecben, which is to serve one god and one king and one lady *in domnei*.

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His life, free of all practice of the creative arts, is as misguided as that of any poet, and when reminded by Ettarre herself that he has raised up a thick-witted and brutish king to the throne of Ecben, and caused his god to be overthrown, with himself as the single remaining worshipper, he replies that he has done all of this for the dream's sake, and is content to serve his dream. Whereby the author of Alfgar again proves, in his dealings with his creature, as this reviewer has said elsewhere, that he, although a poet, is closely akin also to the creature known as a Virginia gentleman; so closely akin that he is often both shocked and repelled by the looseness of his own lovely ladies, while not even faintly disturbed by the fixed custom of his heroes to deal fairly with these ladies. Mr. Cabell possesses elements of Alfgar and Colonel Musgrave (whose ability to be shocked is not their only gentlemanly attribute) as recognizable as the elements which he also possesses of John Charteris and Felix Kenaston and Townsend of Lichfield. This is to be remembered in any consideration of him. He therefore deals as tenderly, even as pitifully, with true gentlemen as with true poets, recognizing that by right of the utterly irrational dream which they serve they are, of necessity, denied all the rewards of life except an occasional glimpse of the dream which must at last destroy them. So Alfgar, like Rudolph Musgrave, lacking the blood and iron which supports the Cabell heroes engaged with war, or with great affairs of Church and State, must go his way unaided even by the sturdy strain of caddishness which supports most poets, unafflicted as they are by the disastrous obligations of Alfgar and of Colonel Musgrave of Virginia.

So, when old Alfgar, ignoring, unlike most Cabell heroes, all allurements of ladies by the way, finally wins to Ettarre and finds her, to his ancient eyes, very much like any other woman, but, "after all, quite nice looking, in an unpretentious fashion," he kneels and kisses her hands, for she is "his appointed lady *in domnei*." When he tells her that he has kept faith with the old way of Ecben and with her, Ettarre, who understands a gentleman as she understands a poet, replies: "You have kept faith, instead, with Alfgar, after your own fashion, and after no fashion which became a well-thought-of monarch?" The witch-woman knows that it has been always the habit of gentlemen to imagine themselves faithful to the past, modestly oblivious of the extreme rarity of their own kind in any age.

SCHWEIK: THE GOOD SOLDIER.

It is in the colophon following this meeting that Mr. Cabell, now the fifty-year-old author of twenty chapters of the Biography, takes formal leave of Ettarre, Poictesme, and a poet's youth, to which the first two owe their existence. This farewell, in addition to being misunderstood, has, of course, been plentifully and heartily disagreed with. At a period when youth for both men and women is being indefinitely prolonged it is not pleasant to feel that, however convincing this atmosphere of youth, it is, to Mr. Cabell at least, spurious. His belief is already recorded that love outside the garden between dawn and sunrise is not love but lust. His belief is already recorded that women are beautiful only to the eyes of youth, and that to a mature vision every woman's appearance is inadequate, or too "carefully enhanced and edited" to own any quality of glamor. Now in his ending of the Biography his belief is recorded that after forty-five a writer may improve only in his control of his material, and that even this improvement may avail him but little. None of these beliefs is exhilarating to contemplate. They are, to the contrary, so depressing that one does not need to be forty-five to feel an impulse toward argument. Here, however, there will be no argument, because Mr. Cabell has at least sufficient basis for his beliefs to lead an adversary into deep waters, and because Mr. Cabell has stated these beliefs so very beautifully. This short chapter of the Biography of Dom Manuel's descendants is completely in harmony with the preceding chapters. And in no one of the twenty chapters has Mr. Cabell failed in any detail of service to the dream which, doubly cursed, he is constrained to follow.

Two new volumes of the Verney Letters are shortly to be published in England. Continuing the story first published some forty years ago, they record the doings of the Verneys in the reigns of William III and George I. They have been edited by Margaret Lady Verney.

Ammunition of Laughter

SCHWEIK: THE GOOD SOLDIER. By JAROSLAV HASEK. Translated by PAUL SELVER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

HAVING spent a couple of months last Fall in Czechoslovakia, I was prepared to read with uncommon interest this story of the adventures of a Czech soldier in the war. So I did—with that sense of familiarity with local color that one feels when he sees in a book the name of a foreign place through which he passed once in a train. . . . "Oh, yes, I know that place; I have been there." I was not expecting to find a substantial contribution to the world's literature.

Bohemia was a part of Austria-Hungary; therefore the Czechs were from the point of view of the Allies alien enemies; it took them a long time to discover that they were even more keenly interested in the defeat of the Hapsburgs than the Allies themselves. Americans scarcely understood that banner carried by the Bohemians in one of our Liberty Loan parades, I think at Cleveland:

Americans, be not discouraged—
We have been fighting these tyrants
For three hundred years!

Czech regiments were in the Austrian line on all the fronts, especially against the Russians and Italians; but they were always disaffected, unreliable. The Austrians knew that well enough; they not only brigaded them with more loyal units, but put over them Austrian officers and even compelled them to fight under the menace of machine-guns. I believe the story that they were shot by scores and hundreds from the rear, by their own officers and batteries, for failure (suspected or actual) to make good in the Austrian cause. It is notorious that whole regiments of Czechs and Slovaks simply melted away, vanished unaccountably from the fronts. In known instances they went over *en masse* to the enemy and turned their bayonets the other way about. Woe betide when they fell again into the hands of their former commanders!

Well, this book *laughed* thousands of Czechs into mutiny. In its way it was one of the deadliest weapons in the Allied cause. On its own account it belongs in history with the tank and the *Soixante-Quinze*. To the work of the stars in their courses, fighting for the destruction of the Hapsburgs, it added laughter. I can understand the failure of the Austrian authorities to shoot this fellow Hasek, only on the theory that in their characteristic congenital stupidity they did not appreciate the lethal nature of this blade in their vitals.

The author was a Czech journalist. Returning to Prague after a long period of war-imprisonment in Russia, he began in 1916 the weekly publication of this chronicle of the military exploits of an incredibly simple-hearted and gullible Czech rear-rank private soldier from the streets of Prague, who with ostentatiously selfless loyalty served meticulously, ridiculously, the various kinds of shoulder-strapped fools commanding him. In all continental Europe, especially in Czechoslovakia and Germany, they are holding their sides over this book; though it enrages the militarists and the martinets of all the armies because it exhibits more than any other that I can recall the screaming absurdity of the people and business of war. This is inevitably undermining, a permanent spiker of guns; as much so as "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Journey's End," or any other of the solemn things. More so—men can fight horrified, disgusted, frightened; they cannot fight laughing.

It was the author's intention to continue the series; he died leaving Schweik just arrived on the Russian front. We cannot guess what further ludicrous adventures awaited him. Evidently he was not to die, because the author's preface describes him post-war as walking about the streets of Prague oblivious of "his significance in the history of the great new epoch." He adds that Schweik "did not set fire to the temple of the goddess at Ephesus, like that fool of a Hereostrate, merely in order to get his name into the newspapers and the school reading-books. And that, in itself, is enough."

It is intensely and intentionally funny, answer sufficient to any suggestion that the Czechs lack humor. Deliciously Rabelaisian in spots—a true satire. On the whole we have a new literary creation. In my judgment Schweik falls not very far short of Don Quixote and Tartarin—this book is going to be a classic, or I miss my guess.

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The Bowling Green

"The Drink"

I READ in Edith Sitwell's charming Life of Alexander Pope that he sent a parcel of fresh-picked cherries to some ladies asking them particularly to return the wrapping paper with care. The sheets in which those cherries were bundled were part of his manuscript of the translation of Homer. It pleases me to think that cherries will taste even sweeter henceforward, now I know that pretty episode. They should; so much larger is poetry than the things it touches.

I saw a poet yesterday: my old Endymion. He will not mind my giving him our remindful nickname; few will identify. He was looking well, handsome, even prosperous; perhaps because he has not been writing much poetry. He looked pinker and plumper than of old, and when I complimented him thereon he said it was Drink. He sat, demure as usual, during miscellaneous lunch-table palaver; how charmingly, when he was fain to leave, he slid off from the group, leaving in a quiet ripple, no unnecessary splash. I God-blessed him in my heart, for I am happy to be one of those conspirators who know how great a poet he is. I can prove it to you in a moment—

But what, I am thinking, does a poet drink; what must a poet drink? What porridge had John Keats? Anyone "with the curse in his or her blood that intensifies experience and makes moments beautiful or terrible beyond the comprehension of the cool outside observer," what drug may make him master of his hour?

What was that comic proposition that someone, Macaulay or some other vast rhetorician, once debated for our schoolboy task—That as civilization advances poetry necessarily declines? It is very likely true in the individual; as he grows established, busied, incumbent upon prosperous fact, mercifully the flame declines into less troublesome ember; but who cares gravely to argue so huge a nonsense. Poetry comes with anger, hunger and dismay; it does not often visit groups of citizens sitting down to be literary together, and would rightly appal them if it did.

What can a poet drink? For broken hours and idiot horrors, for beauty seen and unclaimed, for the hole in the mind that lets loveliness escape, for sharp edges of Time that cut and bruise, what pharmacist can cater? "Hast thou, O pellucid, medicine for case like mine?" cried Walt Whitman. What savage acids of darkness had he tasted who wrote:—

Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine our thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely. . . .

And then going on to the triumphant conclusion—perhaps the supreme tenderness of intimacy in our language, where the double adverb suggests the double beauty of what it praises—

Even to they pure and most loving breath.

Yes, "what's in the brain that ink may character?" What did the poet drink to learn to whisper so? There was a young rhymer once who used the same pretty trick in a madrigal, doubling his bosomy adjective; was he the less pleased with his cleverness because he had to explain it to the gay mammal herself? Or the less proud when he learned that Shakespeare had done it too? What they drink puts them even with Shakespeare; there are more than two gentlemen in Verona.

What must the poet drink? He does not know and cannot tell. He gazes with amazement on the innocent bravado of editors and critics: think of the incredible perils of conducting a literary magazine, which deals at least part of the time with people trying to feel and say the truth. The word *magazine*, he does not forget, once meant a place that was likely to explode. He lives emotionally beyond his means; in what court of chancery may he petition for receivership? Whatever goblet you bring him, drug it deep with laughter. Three fingers of laughter, bartender; and I'll Say When.

My mature Endymion slipped away; we are all always slipping away. He had work to do; we all always have work to do; sometimes the work does *us*. If Wordsworth thought the world was too much with him in the Lakes, what would he have felt on West 45th Street? In the drink the poet must learn to mix for himself there must be the ingredient none knows how to name. Shall we call it Wholeness, or Oneness, or Simplicity? Call it what you please, it brings for an instant the drowsy numbness Keats mentioned; and then words neither numb nor drowsy. It brings clean certainty; not the negatives of philosophy but the positives of intuition, the continuous integrality of life. Then he catches up with Time by standing still, and standing so, in an air of dreadful clearness, he knows how simple all is. The philtre scalds in the throat but it goes to the Right Spot. Consciousness is made whole, seeing is believing. A wormhole drilled smooth in dead wood, the fuzz of frost on a mouldered twig, the taste of cold water, an axe-blade going through the billet at one stroke, were one winter morning's analogies for that feeling. Everything becomes analogy, of which is the Kingdom of Heaven. Then—again! quote my old Endymion—he drinks honey from the poisoned lips of life.

What did I have in mind when I said there are still great poets? This:—

O Love, a thousand, thousand voices,
From night to dawn, from dawn to night,
Have cried the passion of their choices
To orb your name and keep it bright,

Until, however tides may vary
At neap or ebb of life and breath,
Your influence is planetary
Upon this body of our death,

And that dark sea that takes the dying
Kindles along its coasts to flame
For thousand, thousand voices crying
The exaltation of your name.

He slipped away, he went about his affairs. I wonder if he knew how much of my love went with him. And he had given me just the drink I needed.

* * *

Captain Felix Riesenberg, that always pungent person, has been writing in the *Nautical Gazette* of the extensive works of the late Admiral Mahan. I find the following:

> Like so many old whales, Mahan apparently went Christian for a dog watch or so, as shown by his writings, but he switched his pen back to the sea again, leaving the nebulous charting of Celestial regions to the regular licensed personnel. I can work up no steam on items such as "Freedom in the Use of the Prayer Book." The only prayer books we knew at sea, in the good old days, were pieces of flat sandstone, used in whitening decks, not souls; and we got right down on our sore knees with them, sloshing around in the wet and sand.

* * *

The advertising of educational institutions is usually fairly conventional. Therefore I confess to a sparkle of admiration for the management of Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa. In *The Commonweal* it describes itself as follows:—

An Eastern School with Western Vigor
A Northern School with Southern Charm
43 Minutes from Pitsburgh
500 Minutes from Broadway

* * *

I was asked to contribute a prefatory note to a certain book shortly to be published. I read the galley proofs, and found that it was necessary to speak with considerable candor. I tried to do so, and was amused when the publisher, with most courteous embarrassments, confessed that he dared not use the preface because he thought it would ruin the sale of the book.

I've been wondering whether he was correct? As a test, I reprint here the preface I wrote, without identifying the book to which it refers. I believe that this preface, instead of scotching the sale, might perhaps have aroused some curiosity in hesitating purchasers:—

PREFACE TO "——"

This book represents (for weal or woe) almost the ultimate form of "modernism," which consists partly in making a book almost unreadable to simple people. For this is not literature in the customary sense. It is a form of signalling. It is a series of crackling telegraphic staccatoes. To those who prefer literature to be readable it will be horrifying, and frequently obscene. It can be justly considered as decadent, morbid, hateful, and supremely dull. But it is also a thrilling exhibition of Latin wit. It is a sort of soufflé of brandy and ice cream. You need not let the Bertha M. Clay method of paragraphing obscure from you the really Voltairean calibre of some of the content.

Signor —— (I am so ignorant that I do not even know if that is the mannerly way to refer to him) is said by his translator to have the monstrous fecundity of Spain. There is a legend about his keeping seven fountain pens, filled with red ink, in his waistcoat pocket. Well, he is still young, not even forty. He is more likely to live by the distilled perfection of some of those sad little epigrams that were once translated in *The Bookman* than by sprawling brilliant burlesques. But he has the prime quality of perfect health; he has written his book his own way and to please himself. There is hardly a rule of prudence or judgment that he has not broken. Certainly he and his translator between them have made this book a problem for an anxious publisher. I doubt if I ever saw a book that would be more difficult to sell. Of the people who will read it not one in a thousand would be patient enough to discern the beautiful, sensitive and merciless imagination that lurks among a great deal of tosh.

He has a formula for his sententiousness; it is even a familiar one, but it has always been sure-fire. "Something of Palm Sunday morning constantly pervades the city," he says of his fantastic movie capital, "even on Monday nights." Such is the formula, and it's delightful; but it is small beer compared to the really noble intuition of his finer passages. See the passage about the speeding movie stars lolling in their de luxe car which is compared to a moving bath tub, from which their heads baskingly emerge.

The man is a poet; I dare say he may even have written poetry, with one of those seven fountain pens. This is an extremely morbid and cerebral book, extremely witty, and most disrespectful to a great industry. It should be read a little bit at a time; preferably aloud, in a carefully chosen gathering. It is prickly with remarkable crystals of rock-salt. It will be badly received, and inadequately read; but it pleases me greatly to think of a man having a mind like that. I should know his mind again if I met it anywhere.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Scamp or Hero?

THAT DEVIL WILKES. By R. W. POSTGATE. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1929. $4.

Reviewed by JOHN W. S. ALLISON

THIS book possesses the double advantage of an interesting subject and an interesting author. Wilkes, in England and in America, has often been a subject for lively discussion. His latest biographer, Mr. Postgate, is a brilliant and promising member of a group of Young Liberal writers in England. Mr. Postgate is the right kind of author for Wilkes, and Wilkes fits Mr. Postgate's vivid and picturesque style.

In England, Wilkes has often been regarded as a scamp, while, in America, he has enjoyed a certain reputation for heroism. The treatment that he receives in this biography is a combination of these two opinions. But his biographer is at pains to impress on his readers that Wilkes was more an echo of the great men to whom he attached himself, than a figure who stood out alone on his own original platform. Accidents played a great part in his stormy and varied life, and the rapid ascents and descents that he experienced were frequently, but not always, due to circumstances over which he had no personal control. His only complete and almost invariable victories were *conquêtes d'amour*. Chapter VII entitled "Wilkes's Return" is by far the most interesting chapter in the book. It includes a brilliant description of London at the middle of Wilkes's century, but has not the author dressed up his eighteenth century a bit to fit Wilkes?

A play is to be produced in London very shortly dealing with the lives of Charles and Mary Lamb. The title is "Charles and Mary" and it is written by Miss Joan Temple, the author of "The Widow's Cruise." Among the characters are Wordsworth and Coleridge.

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BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Athletics and the College

THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF TEACHING. Bulletin Number Twenty-three. American College Athletics. 1929.

Reviewed by C. W. MENDELL

Ex-Chairman, Board of Athletic Control, Yale University

INVESTIGATIONS are strange things. They are a favorite amusement of the American public, as eagerly demanded as were bread and the circus by certain Romans. Yet with singular regularity they turn out to be unsatisfactory to the very public that clamors for them. Perhaps after all it is people that are strange: everyone has of course always been ready to admit that *other* people are curious and, in this matter of investigations, there is something odd in the whole present-day point of view.

It appears that what we really want when we insist on an investigation is a confirmation of our own contentions. Beforehand we are loud in our protestations that we are after the truth, and only the truth, but if the results do not agree with our own beliefs we are convinced that the investigation or the investigators or both have been at fault. There is another factor, too, that enters especially into American investigations which leads to dissatisfaction: we lay down broad and general lines for an investigation and then proceed to confine it to a search for succulent evils. Centuries ago a Roman critic of life stated as his subject the whole field of human activity; he then congratulated himself on his unrivalled opportunity, for, said he, evils had never been so rampant. And *evils* he proceeded to expose. Human nature has not changed greatly with the improvements in transportation.

The Carnegie Foundation laid down as the object of its most recent investigation: "to ascertain the significant facts concerning college athletics in the United States and Canada, to analyze these facts in relation to American college and university life . . . and to present a summary of American college athletics." This is a sound platform, and the 380-page report resulting from the investigation is a serious and important document, of which no one who gains his information solely from the newspapers would have any comprehensive idea. For the newspapers, knowing only too well what the American public really wanted, fell upon one small section of the report and burst into lurid headlines over the relative purity of College X and College Y. The American public experienced a momentary thrill and has ever since been edified by the attacks on the report by those with whose well-entrenched opinions it differed.

This particular part of the report which brought blushes to the faces of the pure and the less pure alike was a small fraction of the document, and now that time has produced a lull in the storm of alibis and recrimination there is a chance to look at the document as a whole.

The report begins with a survey of the past. Historically, the four chapters dealing with the growth of college and school athletics and the methods of handling them, add little to the information of those who have been to any considerable extent in touch with sports. They do, however, present the facts clearly and accurately, and to the general reader they are full of real and often new interest. It will be illuminating to nearly everyone to follow the rapid growth of sports in the colleges and the necessary increase in some sort of control which eventually led to their extreme organization. It becomes clear, as the story unfolds, first, that the present elaborate system of athletics has not been the result of choice and, second, that there has developed out of amusements pure and simple a recognized factor in education, a not unnatural accompaniment of the element of faculty control.

For the element of control is an element that bulks large in the whole discussion. Control has not been exercised solely by the faculties. The old idea that sports were primarily amusements and therefore belonged to the undergraduates has never died. Furthermore, undergraduates become graduates and cling to their interest in the sports which were once theirs. Here enters a second control, sometimes informal, sometimes organized. And here, I venture to say, is one of the most serious sports problems of to-day. The two points of view are not easily reconciled. Each if it received expression and became widely adopted, led to conscious rivalries. Out of the one developed one set of eligibility rules, the expression of one type of control, out of the other a second set. The Alumni imposed one sort of direction, the Faculty another. All of which, of course, contributed to the further organization of sport, in which the increasingly important financial element has become a larger and larger factor.

The hygiene of sport has a chapter by itself, but the reader will probably conclude that this factor is necessarily involved in the question of faculty control. Once the faculty has recognized sports as a part of education, it has assumed a responsibility which it cannot shirk.

The element of faculty responsibility enters as well into the question of coaches and their salaries. The report recognizes that "the problem is not so much to diminish coaches' salaries as to diminish the need for paying high salaries to coaches." This comment is sound so long as the coach is thought of as the expert hired to produce victorious teams. But what is not, I think, sufficiently expressed (if at all) in the report is the fact that, granted faculty control, which implies recognition of athletics as a part of the educational offering, the coach should be as carefully chosen from educational considerations as any man of the faculty. His relationship with the boys is peculiarly intimate and effective for good or evil. If he is a "good teacher" he is well worth a high salary, if not, he is worth none. And the grounds for selection should be the same *mutatis mutandis* as those considered in choosing a professor of history or of mathematics. The right men in coaching positions ought to be, and to a considerable extent are, the great justification of organized as contrasted with informal sport.

Here, too, is another distinction somewhat slighted by the report. Organized athletics do not either in theory or practice eliminate sports for amusement, any more than formal courses in English bar a man from reading English literature for pleasure. You cannot *make* every boy read Chaucer with relish by himself, but the (surprising?) fact is that some boys do. And many boys still get joy out of golf and touch football and squash and skating (with or without hockey) and even baseball and rowing, with never a thought of trying for their letter.

The varsity teams are the formal courses. In fact, Professor Kennedy's figure of organized sport in general as the laboratory course in character is an extremely good one. Under fire comes the test in quick thinking, accurate execution, judgment, self-control, coöperation, and a dozen other qualities whose real value can hardly be taught in lectures.

And after all, in the last analysis, the public frenzy over football—for that is what the "over-emphasis on athletics" really amounts to—is not an isolated phenomenon of college life. It is another symptom of our modern extravagance—extravagance of enthusiastic competition, of lust for excitement, of sheer restless activity. It is this which has really led to proselyting, publicity, and commercialism. "Everything in excess" may, as a principle, affect college athletics, but it is less characteristic of the college undergraduate than of almost anyone in the country to-day. Within the colleges the emphasis on winning teams is no real menace.

But this is to digress from the report: it would be ungracious to ask for more when so much is given. Here is a mass of carefully collected material presented for use without bias and not in the spirit of propaganda. One might wish that for the sake of maintaining this objective spirit, the report had omitted its white list in the chapter on Recruiting and Subsidizing, or made more emphatic its distinction between minor and major offenses. At the same time everyone should be grateful to a non-partisan and intelligent group who were willing and courageous enough to point out real weaknesses when they appeared. I venture to say that every college that is really interested in making athletics a vital part of the education which it offers will find in the materials here presented a satisfactory basis for reviewing its own situation and a guide for proceeding sanely.

It is in the summing up chapter, "Values in American College Athletics," that the writers of the report tend to become juvenalian, to forget somewhat the general function of their investigation, and to bear down upon abuses till they bulk rather too large. Yet I am ready to take as utterly sincere their introductory statement of open-mindedness. The whole report proves this sincerity. Only that curious trait in our humanity which makes it somewhat dim-visioned toward the good in spite of a hawklike eye for the bad does, I think, slightly color this concluding chapter. And after all perhaps this is for the best. We are none of us apt to overlook our own good qualities, nor is there any pressing danger that athletics will presently become too pure to persist. The report should help to create a sentiment against evils that were better removed—the blessings, which, it must not be forgotten, it *does* record, will assert themselves.

Perhaps the best way to look at the report as a whole is to accept it as a challenge. For good or for evil, and most of us are convinced for good, athletics are with us to stay. The present survey leaves the colleges with no excuse for ignorance as to the nature, growth, advantages, and misfortunes of college sports. It makes its points clearly and specifically. It goes so far as to suggest that perhaps a source of weakness in athletics is the weakness in intellectual appeal in the rest of the college life. A debate was recently held in one college on the subject: Resolved, that the Carnegie Report is the Bunk. No serious damage was done to the report which can stand on its own feet against attacks, serious or facetious. It presents an extensive body af facts. Any college that is alive to its responsibilities must respond to the facts with a renewed determination to make its athletic procedure as well as the rest of its program serve to the highest possible degree the ideals of education which are the sanction for its very existence.

Money and Credit

THE STORY OF MONEY. By NORMAN ANGELL. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by MYRON M. STRAIN

I SUSPECT that there are few sciences that have attracted so few "general readers" as economics, in spite of the fact that it is, or ought to be, essentially more humanistic in its interests than most of the others. Its subject matter comes nearer to touching the daily life of more people, specifically and in a manner to some extent controllable, than that, for example, of astronomy, anthropology, or geology. Some sort of personal adjustment to its major considerations is a fundamental prerequisite to any kind of satisfactory living. Yet its treatises stay largely unread outside of professional circles, and its material remains obscure—even wholly unknown—not only to law-makers and business men, but also to the more literate who struggle to keep themselves informed about human affairs as generally as possible.

And some considerable part of the blame for this condition will probably have to fall on the writers who present that material. The accusation is not especially new, and there is an old complaint to the effect that the science of economics occupies itself largely with the obvious; but I doubt that the complaint accounts for any large part of the difficulty. My doubt is based on the reflection that obviousness does not prove to be a bar to the reading of innumerable treatises on other subjects, and to the fact, as well, that the complaint is not justified more than half the time. The other half of the time an exactly opposite condition is in effect. I suspect that the chief obstacle to the wider reading of books about economics is the almost universal adoption by the practitioners of that science, when they have reached the un-obvious half of their subject which deals with money and credit, of a style and reasoning in which all the conclusions are separated from their premises by at least thirty minutes of concentrated soul searching on the part of the uninitiated reader. This method is useful, no doubt, as a form of idealistic short-hand in communications between specialists, but the ordinary reader needs more links forged into the chain of logic. Finding them missing in the ordinary economist's explanation of his views on the money and credit tangle, the bewildered fellow can hardly avoid the conclusion that he is encountering a continuing series of astounding statements which have no conceivable relevance to the premises from which they are supposed to be derived.

It is therefore meet to begin a consideration of Mr. Angell's admirable "Story of Money" with a quick reassurance that the book is none of these, and that it is a happy exception to the tendencies that they display. Not only does it state its propositions clearly enough to enable the lay reader to grasp them without undue hardship, but its propositions are worth stating and worth reading. Occasionally it may offer some slight difficulty to the "general reader" of average intelligence, but not often, and his gains will hugely outweigh his pains. First of all, he will learn with astonishment how important the underlying principles of currency issue really are, and how much distress and confusion their misapprehension has caused from immemorial antiquity down to the time of our own generation. He will acquire a serviceable notion of what these misapprehensions were, and are, and what measures for their corrections are now operative. This material, selected with real competence from the whole range of history and filled out with illuminating examples from ethnology, is brought to an end by a final chapter which summarizes, usually in their own dreadful jargon, the prescriptions of our leading contemporary economists for the final cure of the diseases that still afflict our currencies. "One thing, at least," Mr. Angell, perhaps without intentional irony, sums them up, "the survey has proved, that there is a currency problem." It seems to be a quite adequate recapitulation.

Of his own work, however, and that of his collaborators, it would be hard to speak too highly. It has already been suggested here that the material they deal with is of authentic social importance, and that it is presented with competence and clarity. Surely those virtues are rare enough, but it is a pleasure to testify further that "The Story of Money" is a very workmanlike piece of writing, free from the cacophonous English dear to technical writers and, on the positive side, done with no inconsiderable distinction. Still more, it is one of the most entertaining books I have encountered in the winter output. Not even a history of marriage or Christianity could uncover a more stupendous bulk of human dunderheadedness, nor set it forth with a more delicate appreciation of its cruel humors.

In short, we have here, at least, a book about economics that deserves to make the non-fiction best seller list and to be chosen by some book club or other. No intelligent "general reader" ought to miss it—and, if he could know in advance how entertaining it would prove to be, he wouldn't want to.

HERODOTUS. Edited by GEORGE KING. Illustrated by BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

By the lavish use of blank pages and wide margins, heavy paper, and large type, Mr. King has made the translation of a few stories from Herodotus into a book of the ordinary novel size. These are not selections: very little consecutive text of Herodotus is used; the editor omits at will and condenses. It is not altogether easy to understand the scheme of abridgment but the book is probably intended to give an impression of the whole history of Herodotus. In the case of a writer, however, whose chief characteristic is the pleasant discursive nature of his story telling, condensation is not a successful method of representation.

The style of the translation is simple and suggestive of the original. The grotesque illustrations are entertaining but it is hard to agree with the announcement on the jacket that they are in keeping with the spirit of the stories themselves. Herodotus was naïve but he was not a columnist. The book as a book is attractive, but it will not add much to the popularity of the Greek historian, not as much as would a consecutive translation, in the same style, of almost any of the nine books.

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Books of Special Interest

The German Republic

THE MAKING OF NEW GERMANY. The Memoirs of PHILIPP SCHEIDEMANN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1929. 2 vols. $10.

THE RECOVERY OF GERMANY. By JAMES W. ANGELL. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

A MAN who played the part that Philipp Scheidemann played in Germany before, during, and after the war could hardly write a book which did not contain matter of importance. Scheidemann's two volumes contain much that is of importance, but it has comparatively little relation to "the making of the new Germany." Not until we are well over half-way through the second volume do we come to the end of the war. While the rest of the volume purports to carry the story down through the Kapp Putsch in the summer of 1922, its historical value as far as the New Germany is concerned is largely limited to the early days when Scheidemann was a member of the Government of People's Representatives which carried on from the time when the Kaiser abdicated until the Weimar Constitution became operative.

The subtitle of these two volumes is a much more accurate description of the work. It has the good qualities of autobiography, but it also has many of its bad qualities. It is a history of Scheidemann the individual rather than of his country or his times. This may be partly justified on the ground that Scheidemann wrote two previous books covering parts of the same period.

This fact may excuse the author for cluttering the present work with the relation of numerous incidents whose only purpose is to show what a clever fellow young Scheidemann was. It cannot justify his repeated efforts to belittle his German contemporaries both without and within the Socialist party. Von Bethmann-Hollweg comes off best, perhaps, but even he does not escape scot-free. One after another every German leader, from the Kaiser to those whose names are hardly known outside these volumes, is directly disparaged or damned with faint praise. Only Scheidemann, so far as we can gather from his own story, was always right.

Thus what might have been an important survey of the German scene during the most significant decades of German history by one of the foremost leaders of the largest political party in the country becomes an *apologia pro vita sua* in the narrowest sense. Notwithstanding disappointment on this score, the work will be of value to students of the war and the background of modern Germany. Scheidemann was close enough to the springs of national action so that the light he throws helps to clarify the scene. Even his derogations of his contemporaries are of value, not as final judgments, but as evidence of the relations between Scheidemann and the other German leaders, and of the kind of man they had to work with. The collapse of the old Germany gives the appearance of greater validity to his judgments on the Kaiser, the generals, and the junkers, but even here his readiness to disparage even his fellow Socialists suggests a measure of caution in accepting his verdicts.

Scheidemann devotes particular attention to Ebert and Stresemann. His jealousy of Ebert's influence and his elevation to the presidency lend acerbity to much of Scheidemann's comment on his collaborators. In Stresemann's case, Scheidemann insists upon the fact that the recently deceased Foreign Minister was before and during the war a junker of the junkers—an advocate of force, annexations, indemnities, and unrestrained submarine warfare. It might well be argued that Stresemann demonstrated his greatness by his ability to recognize the realities of the new situation. But this is not the tone of Scheidemann's comment. Rather there is scorn of Stresemann's earlier views and the implication of hypocrisy in his later policy as Foreign Minister.

Professor Angell's book has hardly more in common with Scheidemann's than the fact that they both deal with Germany. With an approach to absolute objectivity, he analyzes the economic development in Germany from the Armistice to 1929. There is little evaluation of personalities and less criticism. It is a cold, scientific treatment of the hard facts of German recovery—a model of its kind.

An associate professor of economics of Columbia University and for years a student of German economy, Professor Angell is admirably qualified to make the study of post-war Germany assigned him by the Council on Foreign Relations. The Council arranged for him to spend a year in Germany for investigation on the ground, and this volume is his report. Professor Angell's conclusions on essential points may be best stated in his own words. They are amply supported by the evidence submitted.

> Germany's general industrial strength is now greater than that of any other continental country, and in a number of important lines it has even passed Great Britain, while her foreign trade is slowly but surely regaining its pre-war size. Finally, the schedule of Reparations annuities have been paid promptly and without difficulty.

And again

> Germany has reëstablished her industrial supremacy on the continent, and has regained the largest part of the world leadership she held before the war. On the whole she is now quite as strong economically as she was in 1913 and in some branches much stronger.

In regard to the tax burden, as it is not possible to reduce all the comparative factors to concrete numerical terms, Professor Angell

> can only venture the opinion without further discussion, that the real weight of taxation and Reparations charges combined is now heavier in Germany than the tax charges in any other country in the world. The latter opinion is not altered by the virtual certainty that the recommendations of the recent Paris Conference will be carried out. The reduction in Reparations payments which Germany will secure under them amounts, even for the first year, to only a little over three per cent of her present aggregate governmental charges.

Nevertheless

> the internal burden, though fairly heavy, has not been exorbitant in purely monetary terms. Its greatest weight has been psychological rather than economic, and has been the natural outgrowth of the resentment against any system of control, however well administered, which lies in foreign hands.

But

> the so-called external burden, the burden of making payments abroad for which no economic return is received, is another matter. In 1928-29 nearly 3.4 per cent of all that Germany produced was sent out of the country on Reparations account, with little direct current return of goods or services, and was hence lost to her economic life. Until now, however, this loss has been more than offset by the gains from the importation of foreign capital. The pressure on the German standard of living which may develop from time to time when the eventual diminution of capital imports compels Germany to make Reparations payments abroad out of her own net production, and out of her own surplus of merchandise exports, has not yet begun to be felt.

The final chapter contains an excellent analysis of the Young Plan, and the book closes on an optimistic note:

> But that Germany's expansion will continue in coming years seems assured. . . . The road marked out for Germany through the coming decades is not easy, but it is a road which climbs steadily upward, and at its end lies the prize of assured national strength and prosperity.

Apropos of the forthcoming Limited Edition of "The Devil and the Lady," a play by Lord Tennyson that was written over a hundred years ago and is now first to be published, Mr. Charles Tennyson, grandson of the poet, has the following to say:

"There are two manuscripts," he said, "the later and more complete one being the property of Trinity College, Cambridge, to whom it was given by my uncle, Lord Tennyson, who died in December 1918. He had a copy made of it which was left to me with other manuscripts of my grandfather's poems. The other manuscript is in my possession, and was written at an earlier date. That I have been able to establish quite certainly.

"The Trinity manuscript is not all in the poet's handwriting; the greater part was written by someone else, possibly a member of the family, whose handwriting I have been unable to trace. It is virtually a copy of my manuscript, with alterations and additions in the young poet's handwriting on the alternating blank sheets. The earlier manuscript is all in Tennyson's own hand. The letters are wonderfully formed for a boy of fourteen, and remarkably like the poet's later writing."

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Some Recent Fiction

On the Horns of a Dilemma

THE CRYSTAL ICICLE. By KATHERINE KEITH. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HORACE COON

AT first sight this appears to be merely one more modern novel, illustrating by its binding as well as its content the futility and impermanence of so much of contemporary fiction. On closer inspection, however, a number of charms and virtues emerge which set it apart from the general run of similar stories. Here is the usual American husband, who, after seven years of married bliss, decides that his wife lacks passion; he thereupon has an affair with a lady who has come to the same conclusion about the shortcomings of her mate. It ends by Harold returning to Nancy, his wife, because she is going to have another child by him, while Joan, the other lady, is left with the customary heartbreak. Fortunately neither of the lovers has left home.

Although that is what happens, the story cannot be forgotten as easily as the outline suggests. Miss Keith infuses a magic into her writing which makes her characters glow with reality and her style radiant with the charm of one who has an instinct for precision. She evokes a suspense which compels the reader to share the lives of her people. She gives a convincing delineation of all three, revealing the consciousness of the wife as well as that of the other woman, and exposing also authentic samples of the man's mental processes. She is at her best, however, in catching the tragedies of the minor characters—and they are infinitely more moving than those upon whom she concentrates. The tragedy of Charlotte, the German nursemaid discharged because the child has outgrown her, is fine and deep, and the understanding of the children during the crucial moments in the lives of their parents is portrayed simply, briefly, and beautifully.

Nancy is drawn with so much sympathy and warmth that when the author tells us she is a Catholic Puritan, and has her acting in an unpleasantly conventional manner, we don't altogether believe it. We like her too much at the beginning to accept these scenes as real. Harold is a wealthy cartoonist in Chicago who thinks like a stockbroker or lawyer. Why these charming women should be begging him for the privilege of having children by him is difficult to understand. One suspects he must have qualities about which the author has not told us. The most interesting character is Joan. She is married to the idealist twenty years her senior and hence it follows by contemporary domestic logic, she must have affairs. She is in a dilemma. If she selects a man she does not love the result is disgust and futility; if she accepts a man she does love, the end is heartbreak. This, then, is "The Crystal Icicle," which refers to love that neither "cares to slip away nor is it good to keep."

The Prix Brentano Novel

THE HILL OF DESTINY. By JEAN GIONO. New York: Brentano's. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE *Prix Brentano*, which annually assures translation and American publication to some book chosen as an illustration of what the donor calls "the French cultural ideas," has this year fallen to M. Jean Giono's "Colline." The author is a young clerk, still employed in his native town, Moresque in Provence. Just why his excellent first novel should have been chosen under the conditions is a little doubtful, since it is not in the traditional Gallic manner, and is wholly lacking in anything so deliberately artificial as a "cultural ideal."

It recalls, in fact, some recent Scandinavian novels more than anything French. In substance it is merely a strongly drawn study of peasant life, in which all the characters are inhabitants of a tiny hamlet under the shadow of a great hill. They are involved in a continual desperate struggle with nature. Their crops fail, disease attacks their ranks, their water supply gives out, and finally a forest fire all but reduces them to ashes along with their houses and possessions. The events are simple and common enough. The characters have the conventional qualities attributed to peasants in innumerable rustic novels in all languages. They are superstitious, afraid of the forces which seem so unexpectedly and crushingly to be turned against them, yet they are capable of fighting desperately. In the end they win at least a truce from their ill-luck.

Nothing in the book is improbable, yet an air of mystery (which is the author's chief contribution) lies over it. Neither narrative, well conducted as it is, nor the atmosphere, which is accurate with the unconscious precision possible only to a man writing of his own region and his own people, make the book unusual. M. Giono's particular distinction lies in the emphasis which he puts on the unknown element, the hidden malice which accompanies every event of his story. In the minds of his country folk the hill takes on an actual evil personality, carrying on an unending warfare with mankind which is half revenge and half sheer pleasure in doing all that can be done to hinder the reclamation of the land. The power of the soil, the trees, and the beasts of the field,—"even the small ones," M. Giono adds,—over the blindly struggling peasant has seldom been more eloquently stated.

M. Giono's manner is simple and unaffected, since he has not yet acquired academic airs and graces. A book which might have been made intolerably heavy in English is kept readable thanks to M. Le Clerc's translation.

During the absence of MR. BENÉT in Europe "Round about Parnassus" will not appear.

Four unpublished letters of Abraham Lincoln, which bring out salient points in his early career as a politician, were recently made public by Emanuel Hertz, well-known collector of Lincolniana. These letters were written by Lincoln in 1849, after he had served a term in Congress as the lone Wing Representative from Illinois. Their contents throw light on Lincoln and his political methods and indicate that he wanted to be consulted in the matter of patronage.

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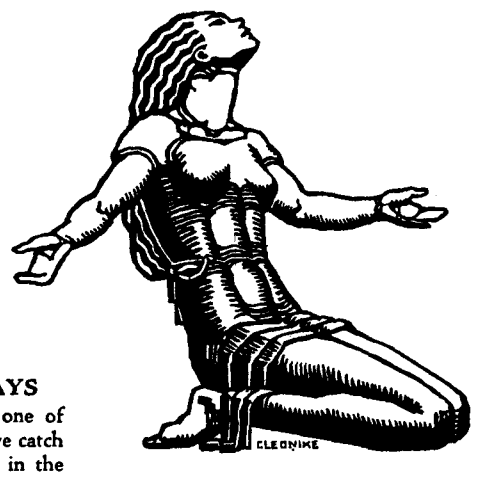

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"It is, indeed, the one book of the moment that defies indolence and fascinates to the edge of fierceness even one who starts to it as the most casual of readers."

BY HELEN GRACE CARLISLE

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A Letter from Italy

By Samuel Putnam

SOME years ago, when Papini's "Life of Christ" was published in English translation, Mr. H. L. Mencken, objecting to the polemic tone of the work and concluding a review that was almost in Papini's own critical style, remarked that "the life of Christ ought to be written by gentlemen." What Mr. Mencken did not know was that Giovanni Papini, in his own eyes, has always been something of a Demiurge, revolutionary, destroying, inspiring, creating, with a vision of himself at once as a hero, reformer, and saint, and with a one-time purpose of writing the "Memoirs of God" in the first person singular! And a Demiurge and a gentleman are not precisely the same thing.

In writing his "Storia di Cristo," Signor Papini brought the one gift he had, his demiurgic wrath, to merge it in that subduing personality in which men have found both wrath and love, so many varied sides. That the Christ lashing the money-changers in the temple should have been the scene that impinged upon his imagination and keyed his book is no great cause for wonderment.

The life of his newly found Master having been dealt with, it is altogether in the nature of things that Papini, whose view of art and history has always been the intimate, personal, autobiographic one, should have turned to St. Augustine, for in the author of the "Confessions" the author of "Un Uomo Finito" finds no little of his own spiritual counterpart. The same almost cosmic (demiurgic) disorder, the same relentless striving for a *City* four-square and satisfying. M. Étienne Gilson, in his recent "Introduction à l'Étude de Saint Augustin," has called attention to the apparently insuperable lack of order in Augustinism, even though there may be discoverable a certain order in disorder; and Papini, who has made the grand tour of all the philosophers and philosophies, only to find that they had "nothing to say," may be said to have taken refuge from a world of irreconcilable "Minds."

That Papini the biographer is conscious of a kinship with his subject is evident. His "Augustine" is, in a manner, a chapter of that "Egology" which he for some years has been threatening to write. It is with a certain proud humility that he identifies himself with the church father, finding in such fraternal identification a justification and a balm. He is here not merely the hagiographer; he is the great penitent, a modern Augustine who has gone through all the varieties of religious experience, and who is now sitting down to examine his own soul. Like Bossuet, whose disciple he is in more ways than one, his tendency ever is to "interiorize theology." Being the great convert, his book is a study in the psychology of conversion. What if he is possessed of a certain rather typically Italian megalomania? It has become, on the whole, a good-natured, in place of a snarling, obsession. And Augustine himself? No, Papini, assuredly, is neither a St. Francis of Assisi nor a St. Thomas Aquinas; but with Augustine, he has some right to speak.

Biography with Papini means poetics; we are to be permitted to doubt his earlier statement to the effect that the subject of a biography is an "intellectual object." His phrase used of Leonardo (*cf.* M. Valéry), "*la mia bella biographia spirituale*," remains significant. The thing that interests him is "that living and complete reality which is the individuality." He has been untouched —or has he been?—by that after-the-war break-up of the personality which is one of the distressing instigations of much modern writing. It is through autobiography that he sees history. The great of the past, he tells us, are historic fragments in which we are to find ourselves, cadavers into which we are to put the breath of life.

This attitude is essentially that of the Demiurge, and it was as a youthful and poetic Demiurge that Papini began his writing career, with his collection of short stories, "Il Tragico Quotidiano," and his first volume of criticism, "Il Crepuscolo dei Filosofi," in 1906. The date is an important one. The old Carduccian *ottocentismo* was breaking up and Croce was coming in, while Marinetti and the Futurists were just beyond the horizon. Philosophically, there was a marked débâcle of Positivism, followed by the introduction of foreign influences, including the Pragmatism of William James, which tended to become naturalized upon contact with the national thought. The philosophy of Bergson, on the other hand, failed to make any great headway in the peninsula; and this may account for a perceptible difference in northern and southern thinking in the western Europe of to-day. What happened was, the doctrine of James combined with an indubitable epic and heroic vein in the modern Italian, to produce a new nineteenth-century idealism. It was a good moment for a Demiurge to make his début.

It is not quite correct to say that Papini's literary career began with the publication of his first volumes in 1906. It had, properly speaking, begun three years before, with *Il Leonardo*, a polemic, pragmatic (and somewhat Bergsonian) review founded and directed by Papini, with Prezzolini, Borgese, Vailati, Costetti, Spadini, Calderoni, and others as collaborators. This was a feature of the early-century Florentine renaissance. The *Leonardo* was a typically Tuscan organ, and ran from 1903 to 1907. In 1908, *La Voce* was started, with Prezzolini and, for a time, Papini as editors. It was in *Il Leonardo* and the early *Voce* that Papini the critic evolved, a critic who appeared to be entirely free of that live-and-let-live spirit to be found in the France of the same period. Here was an autocritical (the word is lifted from the Italian) judge of the work of art and its shortcomings, a critic whose violence took its revenge in a certain inelegance, not to say ugliness, of style and, some would say, of revealed personality. As for the style, it was one marked by many deliberate crudities and barbarisms and neo-Romântic and Futuristic nebulosities, and through it was to be made out a critic who spoke the "rhetoric of sincerity," who masked his sincerity in a superior condescension. In many respects, the style and the man we meet with here remind us of our own Mr. Mencken. Take, for example, such a sentence as this from the essay on Enrico Ferri: "Not content with being as mouthy as a charlatan, he was as dogmatic as a Calvinist." The explanation, in Papini's case, lies in the fact that a none too well equipped, however for the moment effective, polemist and a Dionysiac poet were locked in combat.

Then, about 1910, a collapse occurred, and Papini went through a spiritual crisis in which it seemed that thought, life, and art had failed him. His former idealism lay shattered; for the egoist had met the egoist's Nemesis, self-repletion. Overcome by no conqueror unless it was himself, he sat at the death-bed of the internal demon. His was the tragedy of the man of will, who has sounded out the utmost possibilities of volition, and who has found that beyond is "madness, death, or the monastery." The first instinctive gesture was one of escape, to create an extraneous value, a value outside of self; and we see the fruit of this effort in "L'Altra Metà," 1911, in which an attempt is made to erect a philosophy of negation and contradiction. The attempt was none too successful, as is apparent in "Un Uomo Finito," published in the same year, a pulsating and poetic autobiography, one of the greatest in its *genre*.

This period lasted for some little time. The before-the-war years were the bitter years with Papini. The old *Voce*, an organ at once literary, political, and philosophic, which numbered among its contributors such men as Croce, Gentile, and Soffici, passed out, in 1913, upon the eve of the war. In 1913, Papini and Soffici founded *Lacerba*, which was slain by the war in 1915. In the pages of both *La Voce* and *Lacerba*, Papini did much to provide a basis for a national culture and to diffuse a new intellectual atmosphere, by combatting old ideas and agitating for new ones. None the less, the note of hate remained the dominant one, that hate which is but the other side of the shield. Christianity and the founder of Christianity did not escape this Tarquinian plucker of heads, as witness attacks in *Lacerba*, on the personality and tradition of Jesus.

Out of it all emerged a better poet, one who found, once the storm was over, that he had much in common with the epic-striving, blindly hewing youth of his day. It may have been the war that wrought the miracle. Signor Enzo Palmieri is inclined to believe that it was. Papini, we are told, had looked to the war as a universal catharsis, and was deceived when the catharsis was not visible, this leading him back to Christianity and its explanation in the form of original sin. Whatever the cause, there has been discernible in the after-war Papini a growing clarity and serenity, the serenity of one who is drawing near to paradise.

As to Papini's conversion, has not Carducci told us that Italy is "fundamentally theological"? Papini himself, a long time ago, informed us that he could conceive a state of being in God or against God, but not without God. And now, in practice none too good a Catholic, it is back to the Demiurge, with a vision of himself as God, shaping the vision of reality.

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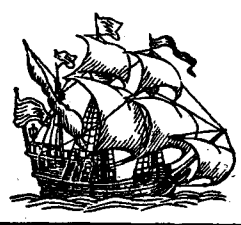

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Points of View

An "Under Thirty" Protests

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The article which inspired this letter, As a Man Thinketh, by Harlan Hatcher, is the result of highly commendable interest on the part of the *Saturday Review* in the literary ideals of the "younger generation." In the hope that the same interest might extend to those who represent another group of the same generation which is in direct disagreement with nearly all of the aforementioned article, this letter, which might be called "In Defence of Our Generation," is written.

To sum up Mr. Hatcher's article in brief, which can be done easily enough, it states that the trend of our generation is toward a renewal of the same old tried and true methods of the masters of the past. We are seeking something new, but we are going back to the old to find it. This seems rather incomprehensible to me. Mr. Hatcher seems to expect that by imitating the masters of the past something new—he appears to have no idea what it is—will magically come to us. If that is the extent of the progressiveness of our generation, I wish that I had been born in another.

"We are also a little bored with the group over which Mr. Mencken presides." Perhaps we are, if we have been reading too much of it, but what *we* are most bored at is this eternal ranting of those who are too narrow to appreciate more than certain schools which they may admire. About nine-tenths of Mr. Hatcher's article is devoted to the minute classification of present-day writers and schools, and while the classification cannot be accurate as a reflection of so varied a taste as has our generation, my principal objection to it is the simple fact that our outstanding characteristic is freedom from that self-same tendency to classify by comparison.

"We think he (Keats) did a very good job in the Ode to a Nightingale." Another matter of "school." We may look at it from the stand-point of one school, or we may change about. If we are governed by our feelings, it may all depend on how we feel, at the time of reading, how we pronounce judgment. It may be a fine piece of work for the masses, but not for one certain individual. Then arises the question of what viewpoint from which to judge. Eventually we come to judge a thing not by its own merit at all, for there is nothing written on which everyone can agree, but simply and entirely by whether or not it arouses a pleasure or a valuable thought in the mind of the reader. We read everything and judge it not at all, but try to get from the whole a clearer knowledge of life. Contrasts make up a large part of our philosophy, and if we hadn't the bad we could not appreciate the good. This forms the paradox of making the bad good, which we have long since stopped bothering to argue about. We are concerned with but one goal—to make as much progress as possible; but those who seek to progress by embracing the ways of the past we do not condemn, though we may ourselves prefer to risk failure by attempting something new which we are not sure of attaining.

We may become interested in the belief that utter frankness is progressive; then, seeming to lose much beauty through lack of romance, illusion, subtlety, we turn to the other extreme. This in turn proves false, and if we were any other generation but our own we would seek for a happy medium, blind to the fact that through lack of contrast that, too, would soon lose its effectiveness. But this is just another of our many characteristics which I have failed to find in Mr. Hatcher's article. It would take another article rather than this letter to do justice to the rest.

NEWTON F. TOLMAN
Chesham, N. H.

In an Ivory Tower?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Excuse me for rushing in where angels, apparently, fear to tread; but I have been reading several articles in celebration of Edwin Arlington Robinson's sixtieth anniversary, including that in the *Saturday Review* of January 11, and have been astonished and somewhat disgusted at the unanimity with which the writers especially praise Mr. Robinson for being, as they allege, practically the only living American poet of distinction who has never debased his high calling by engaging in such low pursuits as teaching, lecturing, and editorial work.

What I have to say in no wise reflects on Mr. Robinson, whom we all respect and admire. No one questions his right to work and live as he sees fit. I have no doubt that the conditions under which his poems were produced were the best—for him. But there are plenty of better reasons for praising him, and I am sure that he would not wish to receive a pat on the shoulder that entailed a backhand slap at his peers.

Sad, but true; most American poets do not sit aloft and aloof, each in his ivory tower, punctually fed with nectar and ambrosia sent down from high Olympus in the panniers of Pegasus. Our degraded sons of Apollo have fallen so low as to work to pay their way, to earn enough to support themselves and those dependent upon them, and to fill their obligations by such furtive methods as teaching, lecturing, editing, practising law or medicine, and even by engaging in commercial activities! What is worse, the caitiffs, I have observed, glory in their shame, enjoying their humiliating independence and even finding pleasure and stimulation of heart and soul in work-a-day contacts with their fellow men.

Just think of it! Here is Lew Sarett not only teaching and lecturing, but also serving as United States Ranger, and incidentally acquiring an understanding of our woods and mountains and all that dwell therein which has enabled him to interpret them with unexcelled truth and lyric fervor. Here is Robert Frost with what he has gained as teacher and farmer. Here is John Hall Wheelock with his fineness and modesty strangely unimpaired by editorial labors. Here are such as Grace Hazard Conkling and Helen Gray Cone, whose standards do not seem to have suffered from being imparted to successive college classes. Here is young Stephen Benét, whose splendid, joyous vigor does not diminish because of a few tussles with the world. And here are so many other men and women of whom I am proud, teachers, lecturers, editors, stenographers, whatever they will, none the worse poets because they earn their living, hold their heads high, look the world in the face, and know the people of whom and for whom they write.

Do our critics and reviewers sigh for the return of the day when the poet was dependent upon the bounty of a condescending patron? If not, let us have no more of this mawkish snobbery.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN.
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The New Books

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Belles Lettres

THE ENJOYMENT OF LITERATURE. By JAY B. HUBBELL. Macmillan. 1929.

"Erudition," Professor Hubbell quotes from an article by Professor Feuillerat in the *Yale Review*, "should naturally be the foundation of all its (criticism's) constructions, erudition leaning on the one hand on history, on philology on the other. And from this springboard it will be able boldly to rise to that intimate apprehension of the inner meaning of literary works in all their aspects, historical, psychological, philosophical, and esthetic, which, as we have seen, is the goal of all criticism." But we do not think that quite all of that is the goal of quite all literary criticism, or that its ability to so rise follows by inner necessity, or in fact is particularly apt to do so. Erudition does not seem to us exactly like a springboard, nor intimate apprehension its especial distinction. Its virtues are something less impulsive.

To put the point in more accessible form, we can readily agree that the trouble, or one of the troubles, with many contemporary critics and most contemporary readers is that they do not know enough. In especial, they do not know enough literature. To read contemporary literature with no other background than contemporary literature and one's own limited life, is to read with mistaken standards, under the control of likes and dislikes no doubt admirably genuine, but without the resources that make opinion something more than opinionated. Unsophisticated reading has its own immeasurable values, but unsophisticated criticism in print is innocence out of place. If one compares the literary essays of college professors of literature with those of professional writers, the advantage on the whole is with the professors as respects width of knowledge and meatiness of thought; for the trouble with the professional writer is that he writes too much in proportion to his thinking. And the trouble with the academic critic is not, I think, the weight of his erudition. It is rather, perhaps, the outcome of his daily teaching.

Every routine produces its habits of mind, its protective callouses. Every theme reader, or reader for or editor of a magazine, develops protective callouses and automatic foot rules, to enable him to stand the impact of incessant manuscripts. The effect of daily teaching, of the routine exercise of literary appreciation, is of course different with different men. There is no academic mind. But in Professor Hubbell's method and result one seems to discern the adjustments of routine. His illustrative quotations are voluminous and open no unexpected doors. The total impression is of something too uniformally unadventurous, something, in fact, on the whole rather tame. The manner is not in the least pedantic or superior. It is reasoning and reasonable. As representative of a teacher's method it seems to be admirably calculated to make plain a limited number of not too difficult ideas. But it does not seem to demand of us who are not his pupils as much knowledge or insight as we fancy we might be able to supply.

GIANFRANCESCO PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA ON THE IMAGINATION. The Latin text with a translation and notes by *Harry Caplan*. Yale University Press. $1.

THE DRAMATIC WORK OF SAMUEL FOOTE. By *Mary Megie Belden*. Yale University Press. $2.50.

Biography

GEORGE V. By SIR GEORGE ARTHUR. Cape & Smith. 1930.

Good republicans who are interested in the life of royalty will find in this volume an account of a sovereign whose personal life better bears the scrutiny of the curious than that of most monarchs and whose public life, though he has lived through some of the most colossal events of history, has had exceedingly slight effect upon their course. A genuinely religious man, pious in the true sense of the word, devoted to duty and the idea of duty, he has from childhood on to the present day given labor and devotion to his subjects and his kingdom. But not even so ardent a biographer as Sir George Arthur can make his life significant other than by reason of the position in which fortune has placed him. Nor, except for those for whom every detail of the existence of royalty holds glamour, can such a chronicle as this hold much interest. It is obviously impossible during the lifetime of a sovereign for a subject who has taken part in political affairs and whose social position has brought him into contact with the court to write with freedom of the private or public life of his monarch. What emerges from this chronicle is the figure of a man lovable and loved, but of the history of his time nothing at all that is not already known to the least of his subjects.

Fiction

THE RUNNER. A Romance of the Niagaras. By RALPH CONNOR. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

As fought on land, the War of 1812 reflected little glory upon American arms, which affords this patriotic Scots-Canadian novelist ample and legitimate opportunity to celebrate the deeds of his countrymen at the expense of our own ignominious and incompetent efforts in the conflict. Parts of the story strongly suggest Cooper's tales, while others resemble Henty's "England Forever!" romances for boys. The action takes place almost entirely in the Niagara Peninsula, and there are many vivid descriptions of the battle fought by the British to repel the attempted invasions by enemy forces from across the border. For hero there is an incredibly valorous young Canadian, General Brock's protégé, whose exploits as dispatch bearer, marksman, scout, leader of the Indian allies, if seriously regarded, seem preposterous. The merit of the tale lies chiefly in the historic authenticity with which life in the Dominion is reproduced prior to and during the years of the war.

WHAT PRICE PARADISE? By ALAN HILLGARTH. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $2.

The dubious Paradise depicted in this strident mystery novel is Palm Beach at the height of the late Florida realty boom. Its characters, ranging from respectable people of wealth to bootleggers, hi-jackers, effete native swindlers, alien crooks, and smooth petty grafters, almost without exception are intent upon the reaping of easy fortunes before the inevitable slump is due to cut off the flow of riches. In his bedroom at a fashionable hotel a well-born wastrel is murdered, though by whom and why do not seem to bear heavily upon the story's progress until very near the end. An average example of crudely sensational fiction, the book is lively and diverting enough, if devoid of anything in the least distinguishing it from the mass of its kind.

BETHEL. By ELI MOFFATT MILLEN. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

This is, according to the jacket, a $2,500 prize novel, the winner in the *Christian Herald*-Doubleday competition for the novel which best interprets in both content and spirit the principles of Christianity to the modern world. Prize novels are so generally disappointing that one should really not be disappointed in any one of them, but one has a peculiarly legitimate grievance against "Bethel," which is that the goods supplied are not those ordered. It does not convey any approach to the spirit of Christianity. The plot concerns the efforts of a millionaire to buy the land on which a small church stands, and the refusal of the church to sell; the solution comes through the grandson of the millionaire falling in love with the granddaughter of the minister. Obviously neither the struggle (in the course of which the blacksmith-preacher and the mill-hand millionaire once come to blows) nor its conclusion has in it anything essentially Christian. The spirit of the congregation is that of the Old Testament, or at the very best, that of the pagan philosophers; they belong indeed to one of those Scottish sects which are fond of calling themselves "a remnant of Israel." It is a distressing thought that the judges could find no book that had at least an apprehension of the Gospels.

The writing does nothing to redeem the matter. It is at once slovenly and pretentious. One meets a fair sample in the description of the protagonist that occupies the first half-dozen pages: "In full height, now, with his head tilted to the storm, a marker would have shown six feet three inches, with ultra proportions only in shoulders and arms." That combination of a dangling participle with a Latin adverb, amazingly chosen to do the work of an English adjective, is characteristic of the book.

(*Continued on page 747*)

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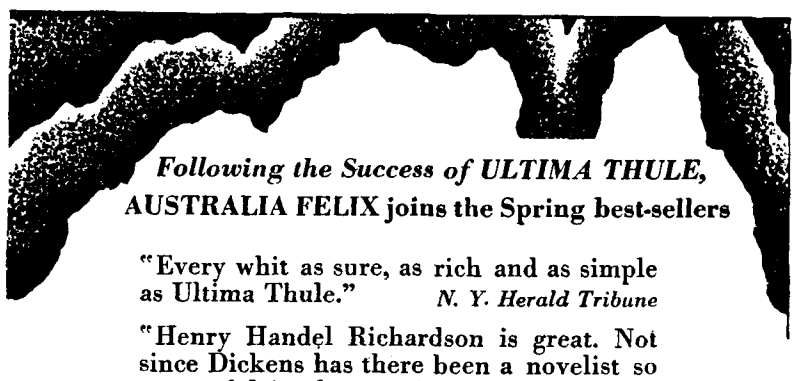

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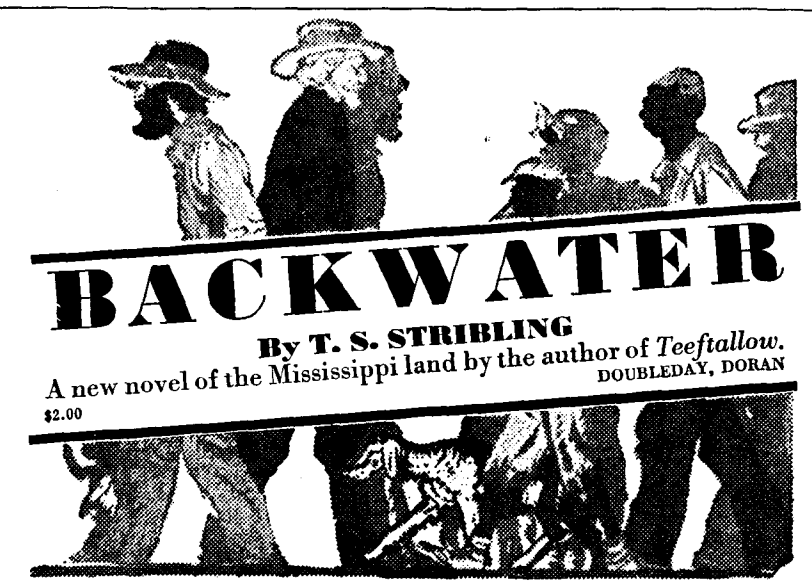

The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 79. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best verses "To Julia (1930), Not to bob her hair," in the manner of Herrick. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of February 25.)

Competition No. 80. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "Country Auction." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of March 11.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH COMPETITION

"You are giving a party in honor of your recently acquired 'Encyclopædia Britannica' and write an Ode to be chanted, dedicating the volumes to household use." The prize for the best ode is awarded to Thomas H. Hamilton.

EVOCATION. The Butler, intoning. (A good butler may yet be a sorry poet.)

O Voices, crying in the wilderness of words,
O vast and formless void of miscreated thought,
See Chaos meekly yield to ordered roots and surds,
These four and twenty shining volumes hit the spot.

CHORUS. Chambermaids and Janitors, singing (with a most sober step 4-4).

Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Rho,
Kyrie eleison,
Pax vobiscum, Laus Deo,
Cyclopædia. Amen.

INVOCATION. The High-Priest, chanting. (Here is broken a bottle of ink.)

O Æsop with your wise and witty Zoo,
Shade of Confucius with your curlicue,
Great Moses, Plutarch, Plato, Aristotle,
Your blessings as we break this inky bottle. Cho.

ABJURATION. The Master of the House, speaking. (Here is shown sincere contrition.)

Now all the works of darkness we adjure
The frowzy mind, the weak inconstant heart,
The Prince of Hiccups with his paramour
A pox on all that interferes with Art! Cho.

INCANTATION. A Notary, cantillating. (The set hath been bought on the installment plan.)

Do you swear that these books have been paid for in toto,
Or the constable's cart will remove them con moto.
Let me say though before my commission expires
Inter nos,—*as the Psalmist says, "All men are liars."* Cho.

CONVOCATION. The Neighbors on the North and on the South, murmuring. (A dubious proposal—Neighborliness is here enjoined as a social virtue.)

Now books are one thing you may lend to your neighbors,
Thus making good use of the fruit of your labors.
We lend you our teacups for afternoon teas
Although you return them whenever you please. Cho.

CELEBRATION. Chorus of Guests, chirping. (The Guests, having well drunk, call down a blessing on all scholars.)

Then bless we the man who discovered Papyrus
And bless we the devil who made printer's ink;
And blessed the scholars who made us desirous
Of teaching our rusty cerebrums to think. Cho.

DEDICATION. The Mistress of the House, declaiming. (A woman must needs have the last word.)

Edition Quatrodecimal, sit lux!
Reign thou in state among our precious books,
To human curiosity a spur,
Sic semper; gaudeamus igitur. Cho.

(Here the company falleth reverently to reading.)

Homer Parsons's entry (to the tune of "thirty-five millon words cannot have been wrong") challenged the winner. Hans Maulschnapper called the true tune of the Ode, but in spite of his subtle "dedication to household use" I felt that Thomas M. Hamilton's ode had a more truly domestic character. Phoebe Scribble, D. H. Avery, and T. T. Norris are also commended.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

CLUES OF THE CARIBEES. By T. S. STRIBLING. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

In this collection of mystery stories, Mr. T. S. Stribling approaches with unfortunate condescension a literary form which abler writers have thought not unworthy of their best efforts. The central idea of the group, that of a young American instructor in psychology, who turns amateur detective during a holiday spent in the countries bordering the Caribbean, is promising; and that Mr. Stribling knows much more about the Caribbean countries than he does about modern psychological method, should not perhaps matter greatly. But Mr. Stribling has had the not uncommon experience of reading of himself as a "promising young novelist" and he seems to feel that his present collection exhibits him in low and perhaps compromising company.

By the uncommon slovenliness of his prose, by his willingness to play tricks with his story, and his transparent devices to disguise the thinness of his plots, by the grotesque caricatures which he seeks to palm off for characterization, he seems to be saying anxiously to his readers on almost every page: "See, these are only pot-boilers. I don't take them seriously, myself." In only one story, "The Governor of Cap Haitien," does Mr. Stribling allow his real interest in the culture of the Black Republic to lead him to do his best. The publishers have given this collection an elaborate dress with ornamental wood-cuts and a separate title page in color for each story. One could wish the author had shown equal care.

THE GOLDEN STONE. By W. A. G. PEAERSON. Dutton. 1929. $2.

This is a pleasant story of pleasant people doing pleasant things—in spite of a lurid and misleading dust-cover. The rather unsightly Golden Stone, trophy for a curling competition, symbol of the social ambition of Benjamin Benjamin, Kt. is the center of a very elementary mystery. It is as well the mystery is elementary, for the sleuth appears to be very little advanced from the primer stage of detection. However, that matters little, for the mystery is not the important part of the novel. The important part is the very amiably depicted group of visitors of a Swiss winter resort in midseason and their activities. There is not one disagreeable character in the book (even the villain fails to attain the slightest tinge of the sinister), unless it be Mr. Mason, the humorist, practical joker, and garrulous good fellow. Altogether a pleasant, if attenuated, story, guaranteed not to cause mental fatigue. It should be attractive to enthusiasts of winter sports.

(*Continued on page* 747)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

B. E. W., Akron, Ohio, is interested in tracing the evolution of culture. "I mean culture as we interpret it to mean enlightenment and discipline acquired by mental and moral training: refinement in manners and taste. Of course this definition is flexible and my problem is to discover how the definition has gone through an evolution, for the Greeks' idea of a cultured individual was quite different from our idea of one. It is easy to find material as to our idea of culture, but I have labored long to find anyone writing upon the cultured person of previous periods. Is there no one who handles this definite subject?"

I CANNOT hit this answer by sharp-shooting; let me try a charge of grape-shot. An inquirer along these lines will find material for thought and for documentation in "Cultural Change," by F. Stuart Chapin, and "Cultural Evolution: A Study of Social Origins and Development," by Charles Ellwood, volumes in the Social Science Series edited by Edward Alsworth Ross and published by the Century Company; and in "Culture and Social Progress," by J. K. Folsom (Longmans, Green), a text-book issued also in a library edition; and in "The Building of Culture," by Roland Dixon, professor of Anthropology at Harvard (Scribner). There is the fine and fortunately well-known application of anthropological research to the uses of social science, Clark Wissler's "Man and Culture" (Crowell). No doubt this student has already considered Lecky and other historians of ethics. If these books consider the subject in aspects wider than those indicated by the questioner, it must not be forgotten that any limited definition of culture is bound to bring on a wider one, and involve in time the history and natural history of the human race. Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy" (Oxford) may be classified under literary criticism, but it involves the statement of one of the most serious dangers against which democracy must be always on guard. A book with a title like that of E. D. Martin's "The Meaning of a Liberal Education" (now in the Garden City Dollar Books) is bound to spread over its title's edges and involve the good life in general. So does the most recent addition to books of this type, "The Meaning of Culture," by John Cowper Powys (Norton), a call to detachment and awareness that manages to keep in tune with English tradition without jarring on the idealism of a mechanical age. Lest this sound like the statement of two irreconcilable positions, I say it seems to me that in every country save Soviet Russia the distinctive idealism of the machine age expects machinery to set men free for the individual detachment and awareness now so difficult to achieve. In Russia idealism seems to be identifying man with machinery in a vast, passionately realized communal ego, "the very pulse of the machine."

There have been several books that have traced some cultural phase, some institution, or some human sentiment through its development in successive periods. One of the most vivid of these is Emily Putnam's "The Lady" (Putnam), which has seen the etiquette-books of seventeen seasons go out of fashion and now in its fourth edition stands ready to take on a good many more. It shows what was required of a perfect lady in periods from the Greeks to the opening of the present century. There is "The Child in Human Progress," by George Henry Payne (Putnam), out of print but in many libraries, to remind one how recent is the interest that humanity takes in childhood, apart from the interest a parent takes in his own offspring. "The Rebel Passion," by Kay Burdekin (Morrow), is a novel that in the form of visions of a monk of Glastonbury shows pity, the rebel passion whose hand, according to Gilbert Murray, "is against the strong, against the organized force of society, against conventional sanctions and accepted Gods," operating in Palestine, Rome, England in various ages, America at the time of Lincoln, Europe in the Great War, and the world in the future. Kay Burdekin has already shown a curious at-homeness in past time, in novels like "The Burning Ring."

None of these books answers the question in pocket form, but in each of them, and in many others, is something contributing to its discussion.

N. J. D., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks in which of the volumes of Henry James appears his posthumous paper "The Sense of the Past," which was the inspiration for "Berkeley Square."

"THE Sense of the Past" forms the twenty-sixth and last volume of the collected works of Henry James, published by Scribner. It is not a paper, but one of two novels left unfinished at his death, but planned and carried some way toward completion several years before he died. Of this one, the first two books and part of the third were completed, though the later chapters were not thoroughly revised. For the remainder, notes were in existence showing the course of the action; these are given in full in this edition.

L. B. C., Montrose, N. Y., sending thanks for equipment for an Italian journey, says that Colonel Young's "The Medici" (Dutton) has proved one of the best possible preparations for Florence, and goes on: "And thanks to Clara Laughlin for 'So You're Going to France' (Houghton Mifflin). I have tried book after book for that trip of mine from London to Rome via the Chateau district, Carcassonne, and the Riviera, and nothing in the least comes up to it for interesting information in a compact and readable form. Another book I have discovered and bought through Foyle because it was so readable and well done is "Architecture for General Readers: A Short Treatise on the Principles and Motive of Architectural Design, with a Historical Sketch," by H. Heathcote Statham (London: Chatham & Hall, 1896). I found it in the Peekskill Library and tried to get it here, but could not, and Foyle sent it immediately.

"To return to travel books too big to take with one, the two by Mrs. Carleton Parker are just fascinating to read: 'Ports and Happy Places' and 'More Ports, More Happy Places' (Liveright). I very seldom order a book I have not already seen, but I did give myself the latter for Christmas and have enjoyed every word of it. Only I do so want to know how Nandy and Jim and the June Bug turned out!"

Indeed they are turning out very well: I had lately the pleasure of discussing the matter of schools for girls with Mrs. Parker at luncheon, and am happy to assure you that this prize family is all right. Also I am delighted to hear of a new book by Mrs. Parker, now in the press (Liveright), that only professional ethics keeps me from describing here and now, for it does embody a quite new and really valuable idea in travel books for young people. By the way, it has saved me the trouble of writing a book myself, for just after I had resigned myself to bringing into being a sort of guide to the literature of travel, something for which my readers have been for some time loudly clamoring, Mrs. Parker assured me that the bibliography of travel books at the end of this book of hers would fill the bill for anyone interested in European travel. From what I heard of it then, and from what I know of Mrs. Parker, I know that I can cheerfully leave this field to her. She says in the book, I might mention, that the Reader's Guide came in handy in getting these books together.

F. L. D., San Francisco, Cal., asks where a copy of "The Alphabet," by Isaac Taylor, may be purchased, and a few good books on lettering and the history of the alphabet, for a typographer.

REFERRING the question to Mr. Henry L. Bullen, librarian of the Typographic Library and Museum, 300 Communipaw Avenue, Jersey City, I was informed:

I believe Taylor (Isaac), "The Alphabet: an Account of the Origin and Development of Letters" is not in print. Our copy is in two volumes. Vol. I deals with Semitic alphabets; Vol. II with Aryan alphabets. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1883. So far as I know this is the most comprehensive and authoritative work on its subject.

It is difficult to answer your second query without knowing the aim of "a typographer." At a guess I can recommend "Letters and Lettering," by Frank C. Brown. Boston: Bates & Guild Co., 1904. Also "Writing and Illuminating and Lettering," by Edward Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Co., n.d., author's preface dated 1906. Both are excellent. We have a 10-ft. shelf of books on the subject.

The last line of this letter may remind—or perhaps inform—readers of this department that this fine collection, established in 1908 by the American Typefounders Company, is "for the use of all who are interested in typography."

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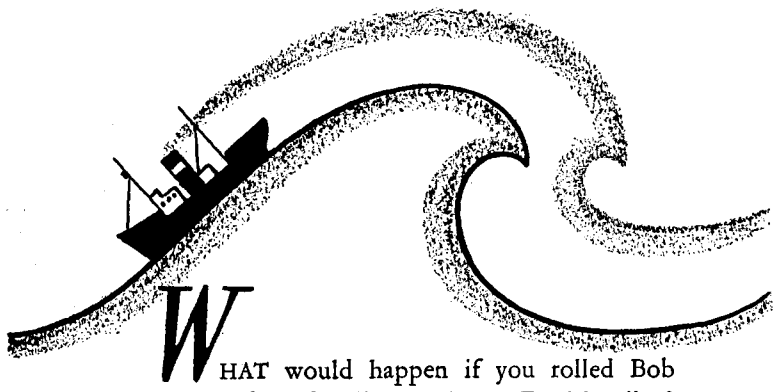

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Americana Par Excellence

THE Hadyn Brown Fire Engine Company was the pride of the village where I was born; it owned a magnificent brass-mounted steam fire engine, which was housed in an engine house on the main street. This was an awful place, where not much of anything happened—I was too young to be one of the revellers in the room on the second floor, where the company had its "banquets"—but which might suddenly spring into the most feverish activity at the call of the Congregational Church bell, in case of fire. We used on rare occasions to penetrate to the inside of the building and walk around the engine in admiration. Once I discovered that the engine was not the only decorative element in the building: glancing at the walls I found a series of highly colored humorous pictures—very highly colored and very comic—called "The Darktown Fire Brigade." Though I didn't know it for forty years, this was my first introduction to the pictorial art of Currier & Ives, an industrious firm of lithographers in New York, who between 1834 and 1907 issued some 4,300 prints!

The discovery that these "Darktown Fire Brigade" pictures were "Currier & Ives" came last fall, when Mr. Harry T. Peters arranged for the Grolier Club an extensive exhibition of the lithographs of Currier & Ives, and I found on the walls copies of the same prints which had fascinated me as a boy. They formed only a small portion of that show, and not the most important. With them were hundreds of others, black and colored, forming one of the most interesting exhibitions which I have seen. One went to the Club sure that the pictures would be about as bad art as it would be possible to bring together; the period of activity of the firm coincided with the most dreadful period of America's "art" output, and these prints were distinctly popular and not the work of even the best designers of the time. They were sold at wholesale for six cents, and up to a retail price of three dollars for the larger prints. Obviously not much could be expected for that price. And of course they are "bad art," crude and awkward, gaudily colored, and all that. But it did not take much examination of the prints in the exhibition to reveal the fact that they were of absorbing interest.

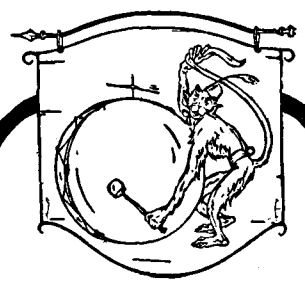
Mr. Peters has now prepared a large quarto volume on the firm and its productions, "Currier & Ives, Printmakers to the American People. A Chronicle . . . Reproductions of 142 of the prints . . . and a Checklist of All Known Prints. . . ." This has been issued by Doubleday, Doran & Co. It forms an invaluable guide to American manners and taste in the middle years of the nineteenth century, a repository of useful information about the life of our remote ancestors, and a parlor album of priceless value.

I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that there is a gorgeous naïveté about these pictures which is as foreign to our present way of doing things as the prints are lacking in photographic exactness. They are, as a friend expresses it, "synthetic art." Take such a picture as The Road in Winter; it has all the sentimentality of the best Christmas-card "artist," but it does have enough verisimilitude to refresh those of us who habitually rode, in winter, in one or two-horse cutters. It is true to life in general—and I suppose that is sufficient to give it great historical value. Such pictures as The Rubber seemed to me to be quite insipid—companions of those dreadful amorphous interiors which bring tears to the eyes of the sentimental—until I noticed the spittoon on the floor! That makes the picture an American record. Any painter of chromos might have painted this picture—all but *that.* Only an observer of the American scene could have lent that final touch of essential truthfulness to the picture!

One despairs of any full consideration of such a collection of pictures. The variety is amazing, the spirit with which the drawing, poor as it frequently is, is done, can only excite admiration. Fire and flood, wreck and disaster, "Darktown" and "Howling Swell," locomotives and sailing ships, fact and fancy, pathos and comicality, all find a thousand expressions. Manners, customs, celebrities, events—Currier & Ives were the progenitors of the movies and the comic strip, and they did no mean job in the days before the camera had all but banished imagination from our pictorial pabulum. If Queen Victoria is shown with a glory of face and form never seen before, "Branding the Slaves" is a compound of imagination, an excellent sense of composition, an attempt at realism, and extraordinary drawing. With a file of *Harper's Weekly* and a set of Currier & Ives prints, one has the whole social history of America for fifty years.

Mr. Peters's work is well done; he has provided the reader with a good deal of information about the prints and their makers

An Idyll of a Father's Love for his Son



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and has provided an index, and a very important checklist of all known prints of N. Currier and Currier & Ives. The book has been well printed, although the attempt at suggestive typography is not very successful; the reproductions are on the whole excellent, and the colored ones are very good indeed. The reproduction of old price-lists and circulars, etc., adds much to the book. Altogether, it is one of the most entertaining publications we have seen for a long time. It is a stroke of genius to have published it. R.

Catalogues

Elkin Mathews, Ltd., London. Catalogue 28: Byron and Byroniana. This forms one of the most complete bibliographies of Lord Byron—provided with an introduction, a table of contents, and a frontispiece, it proceeds to list 776 items, all of them either works by Byron or books about him. The arrangement is excellent, and the notes are most carefully done with references to the four books chiefly used in the bibliograhical study of the poet. Byron's separate works are listed in chronological order of their appearance: after the later editions of these works come books closely associated with them, also in chronological order, and followed finally by translations in alphabetical order of the languages into which they were made. With a particularly unusual degree of caution, the compilers say in the introduction that they "have taken care not to describe books published in foreign countries as first editions unless they have conclusive evidence that such books are (and many which have been classed as 'probably' or 'possibly' first editions are almost certainly) *principes*. America presents the greatest difficulty for determining the first editions of Byron's separate works, as editions of them were published in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia in the same year." It is a catalogue that is absolutely essential to any collector of Byron.

Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York. Catalogue 59: First editions of American Authors, with a few English firsts. Interesting, and extremely moderate in prices. These catalogues, while they are not startling in any way, have an unusual excellence that is always maintained consistently.

Lathrop G. Harper, 8 West 40th Street, New York. Catalogue 159: A Catalogue of Bibliographies and Books about Books. For any collector who is interested in acquiring reference works, this catalogue is most important—it is well done, and contains all the more important "tools" that any one should have.

Stewart Kidd, 19 East 4th Street, Cincinnati. A Catalogue of Rare and Valuable Books covering practically the entire field of Collecting. There can be no quarrel with such a title-page description—divided unfortunately without an index into various sections, this catalogue lists 2,510 items, two portraits, and one mosaic, all of them described with care. The books are interesting more because of their variety than because of their importance, and the entire work can be depended upon to bring out somewhere a title or two that will undoubtedly appeal to every collector. It is certainly a catalogue that ought to be read.

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Praise is one of the most perplexing things that a publisher can encounter—not praise for the publisher [such rarities make copy for *Believe It or Not*] but praise for an author, when it takes the form of twenty-one gun salutes, dancing in the street, roman candles, handsprings, and superlatives rampant.

If advance copies of a book evoke such tributes and raptures from critics and authorities of genuine eminence, *The Inner Sanctum* is naturally tempted to spread the laudatory comment upon the record. The jacket then bursts forth with glory.

Perhaps the temptation should be resisted.

It was *not* resisted, however, in the case of the first *Cross Word Puzzle Books*, *The Story of Philosophy*, *Trader Horn*, *Show Girl*, *Bambi*, *The Art of Thinking*, *Wolf Solent*, *Twelve Against the Gods*, and JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH'S recently published novel "*—And Company*."

It is the policy of *The Inner Sanctum* to *describe* a book on the jacket, rather than *praise* it—so far as its own words are concerned. Any praise must come from disinterested and responsible persons of unimpeachable distinction and authority. Such tributes, your correspondents submit, are *news*, not *blurbs*—acclaim rather than high-pressure.

Critics and customers may disagree or challenge, but they cannot fail to note and ponder.

The anti-blurb, pro-tribute policy of *The Inner Sanctum* seems to be vindicated in the case of "*—And Company*," which this week leaps to first place in the private best-seller list, compiled at Thirty-Seven West 57th Street.

The Inner Sanctum hereby apologizes to clamorous book-sellers and equally impatient book-buyers for the fact that "*—And Company*" has been out of stock for the last few days. A new and distinctly later edition is under way, and the printers, binders, and shipping room forces are going full blast to deliver them practically any day now.

Most of the first reviews are quite as ecstatic as the advance salutes by ARNOLD BENNETT, ROMAIN ROLLAND, PAUL CLAUDEL, VAN WYCK BROOKS, PAUL VALERY, and ISRAEL ZANGWELL, and, in the parlance of the trade, the book is virtually "in."

The best-selling books from *The Inner Sanctum*, ranked in order of actual orders received from the trade in the last six days, follow:

"—And Company"
The Art of Thinking
Twelve Against the Gods
Caught Short
Believe It or Not
The Mansions of Philosophy
The Anagram Book
Wolf Solent
The Psychology of Happiness
Peter the Great.

Not a single one of these books rated a literary tea. That tea should be enjoyed privately, and not consumed publicly as part of the noun-and-adjective fury, is one of the fervent doctrines promulgated by

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THE Frederick A. Stokes Company has sent up a copy of *Henry Bett's* "How to Write Good English." Was that with malice aforethought? . . .

Our passport with proper visas, our ticket, and our luggage labels confront us. Are we really going abroad?

We are going to try to write you letters (if we really are) and we hope they'll be some good, but we can't possibly tell. At the moment our head feels as though it were full of pease porridge; we have been trying to think of all those last things all at once. . . .

Edwina Stanton Babcock of South Nyack did not like the last poem we printed by *Sylvia Satan*. We still, ourselves, contend that it is a darn good poem. We have never contended, however that our taste was impeccable or our judgment faultless. . . .

William Griffith has compiled for the Forum Press his annual "American and European Scrapbooks" for 1930, which are the only annual anthologies published of important world news and literature. The price of the two volumes boxed is $7.50. . .

We see that for next month Horace Liveright is now reannouncing in his Spring catalogue the long-awaited second book of poems by *Sam Hoffenstein*. The title has now been changed from "Sunday to Saturday Inclusive," to "Year in, You're Out." Much more comprehensive, we call that. . . .

We were extremely shocked to hear of the injuries recently sustained by *Matthew Josephson* who rushed into a burning building under the impression that his wife and child had not been rescued from it. This was upon the eve of an intended sailing for Europe. Mr. Josephson acted immediately and bravely and we hope his recovery may be speedy. . . .

Percival Wilde, playwright, has now turned into a novelist in his book "The Devil's Booth" which Harcourt is publishing. Mr. Wilde is widely known for his one-act plays. . . .

Blair Niles, author of "Condemned to Devil's Island," which served *Ronald Colman's* latest starring picture, and *Harry Hervey*, are shortly to appear as co-authors of a new play based on Mrs. Niles's story of the tropic prison. Mr. Hervey is the author of the play "Congai," in which *Helen Menken* was seen last season. . . .

"The Blight that Failed" is Scribner's title for a pamphlet dealing with the recent controversy and attempted boycott concerning and of "Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind," on the part of the Christian Scientists. . . .

The Morada is a new thirty-five-cent small magazine published quarterly at Albuquerque, New Mexico. It seems to us no better and no worse than a score of group magazines we have seen within the past year. . . .

Miss *F. Tennyson Jesse's* "The Lacquer Lady," published by the Macmillan Company has had a remarkable success in England where it was chosen by the London Book Society for December. . . .

Sir George Arthur's "George V," brought out by Cape and Smith, has some delightful illustrations. We like particularly the frontispiece showing *Alexandra* and her grown up children when King George was Duke of York. The costumes of the period were diverting, but how very smartly Alexandra dressed! . . .

Ernest Hemingway has now been put into The Modern Library. The book chosen is "The Sun also Rises," to our mind one of his most imperfect creations, though there are gorgeous passages in it. . . .

You can buy the publications of The Black Sun Press, Paris, from C. Gerhardt, Bookseller, at 17 West 44th Street. Among them are books by *James Joyce*, *Marcel Proust*, *Kay Boyle*, the *Crosbys*, "The Bridge," by *Hart Crane*, and "Einstein," by *Archie MacLeish*. . . .

The first issue of *The New Freeman*, radical critic of contemporary life and letters, is announced for March 15, 1930, by its editor, *Suzanne La Folette*, formerly an editor of *The Freeman*.

The editorial announcement states that the magazine

Can assure its readers of an unbiased, non-partisan, and undogmatic treatment of public affairs, making its appeal to intelligent common sense, rather than to prejudice or special interest. It will deal similarly with current developments in science, literature, and the arts, with especial recognition of the new social forces that are moulding the life of our time. Its material will be contributed by the best writers available, without regard to mere name-value, and its arrangement will be flexible and attractive, without resort to "features" or sensationalism.

The magazine, a weekly, will be edited from 112 East 19th Street, New York City. . . .

Here are two interesting sonnets lately received from *Harvey Carson Grumbine:*

ON HEARING ONE PRAISED FOR HER MATURE SOPHISTICATION

I

Eyes on the peacock's fan, what do they see?
Gold on the pheasant's plume, whom does it pay?
Down on the nubile's lip, what does it say?
Fifes in the oriole's throat, for whom the glee?
Thews on the youth's sleek thigh, whose eager knee
Bends for a fortune never minted, nay
Nor ever sifted from the mine's rough clay;
Muscles supple and strong, wherefore their plea?
Say not the much-used words. Speak not of hearts
Nor sighs nor kisses, nor devotion's flower.
Deign not of love to mouth and pule and prate.
Heaven knows that sweets are sweets and tarts are tarts.
Life, like a cheese, tastes best a trifle sour
To those who style themselves Sophisticate.

II

Nor rant of Nature when the hollow sea
Rings the slow rhythm of a ruthless change
From moon to moon and life to life, a strange
All-comprehending mutability.
Sunset and cloud and evening star, these three,
And the Great Sun wherever he does range
On the white metal of his wheel's hot flange,
Are atoms dated to no destiny.
Ions they are, blind forces, witless law
Nor signed nor sealed nor written nor decreed,
With course uncharted and design unplanned.
Nor is there need for glad surprise nor awe,
Nor anything, for one who has no need
Except—a simple heart to understand.

We do not like such phrases as "mouth and pule and prate," nor such rhymes as "range and flange." The idea embodied in the verses is better than the execution. . . .

You see, *Edwina Stanton Babcock* has made us timorous! . . .

If you want a real aid to authors, get *Josiah Titzell's* "The Authors' Annual," a swell hand-book! . . .

Swell, swell— It has an ominous sound. We are about to cross the bounding main, and there's nothing we hope more than that there will be no swell on the ocean. We salute you.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 741*)

INDIAN STORIES FROM THE PUEBLOS. By FRANK APPLEGATE. With a foreword by WITTER BYNNER. Illustrated from original Pueblo Indian paintings. Lippincott. 1929. $3.50.

Curious thing—*the good story*. There is no mistaking one, and Frank Applegate's "Indian Stories from the Pueblos" have that rare quality. They linger in the mind like fine conversation. Briefly and simply told in the style of the true raconteur, at times they seem stilted and strange in printed words. Read one aloud, however, and it appears in its special excellence clearly marked with the personality of the narrator.

Frank Applegate has lived in New Mexico for years, gently but persistently traveling about among the Pueblos and Navajos, painting the country and talking to the people. In such fashion he has accumulated his knowledge of the southwestern folk, Indian, Spanish, and American. The Hopi women still remember his year's stay and his painstaking interest in their pottery. Mr. Applegate's approach to his material is unusually fine. He has the invaluable ability to regard the strange and curious as somehow deeply familiar, so that these stories possess an intimacy and illumination that few stories about Indians have.

The narratives are chance experiences or retellings of the legends and gossip current among the Pueblos, gathered with the greatest sympathetic attention. "Ancestral Eagles" is a characteristic tale, a humorous recounting of the sloughing off process the departmentally educated young Indians must go through to reënter his normal life. The writing is occasionally touched with a painful self-consciousness, but the easy narrative flow is never seriously interrupted.

Mr. Applegate has illustrated his book from his own collection of drawings and watercolors done by Indian artists. The color printing is not fully successful, but the illustrations still contribute a large measure of vivid interest to the book.

History

AMERICA IN THE FORTIES. Letters of Ole Munch Raeder. Translated and edited by G. J. MALMIN. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 1929. $2.50.

In these letters of a distinguished Norwegian jurist sent by his government in 1847 to study the United States we have a really valuable addition to the list of travels in America. As readers of Fredrika Bremer's travels know, there was a large Scandinavian community in the United States by the end of the 'forties. Munch Raeder, on landing in New York, wasted no time in going west by rail and boat to Milwaukee. The best parts of his book deal with the frontier country of Wisconsin, where he describes the economic situation of the immigrant, frontier agriculture, social life and customs, and the attitude of the older American inhabitants toward newcomers from Europe. He makes it clear that the lot of the immigrant was a hard one: most of the Norwegians in the West found the land poorer than they had expected, sanitary conditions were bad, and they suffered much from malaria and other physical ills, and those who were unfit for a strenuous life were thrust to the wall. But he found that most of the Norwegian emigrants believed they had improved their lot, and few talked of returning to the old country.

There were instances of men who had paid for their land by one crop; even those who fared worst were never afraid of starving, and the author admits that in the mountains of Norway hunger was common. The Americans, too, liked the Scandinavians, and they were much in demand for house-servants and farmhands. Munch Raeder was troubled by the rapidity with which his countrymen often became Americanized, and states that as soon as the youngsters "have learned to 'guess' and to 'calculate' they are very loath to admit their Norwegian origin." Of the East the author tells us little, though there is an interesting description of an evening at the home of Salmon P. Chase in Cincinnati. But on conditions in the Northwest these sympathetic and exceedingly careful letters by a cultured observer throw interesting light.

Travel

IN SEARCH OF SCOTLAND. By H. V. MORTON. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1930.

Here is a volume that makes no pretensions to being a comprehensive guidebook of the country with which it deals, but which, compounded of observation, information, and sentiment, is an incentive to visiting it and a stimulant to the memory of those who know it. Mr. Morton has a fluent and pleasing style, enthusiasm for natural scenery and for urban picturesqueness alike, interest in persons, and a lively memory for historical incident. As a result his book is a pleasantly discursive volume, with here a bit of description and there a few statistics, now a piquant anecdote and then an amusing account of a personal encounter, or again a somewhat detailed portrayal of a locality or building, or perhaps the narration of an episode of the past, or glancing references to literature or the literary.

There is an informality to Mr. Morton's writing which admirably matches the rambling nature of his travels, and which draws the reader into the glow of his enjoyment.

> I paused on a hill and looked down on the plain of Stirling. It was early evening and the mists were rising. The rock on which the Castle stands was blue-black against the gray of the fields, the mightiest thing in the wide plain, vast as a galleon on a quiet sea, fretting the sky with the line of its ramparts.
>
> It may have been my mood, it may have been the light that evening, or it may have been something of both, but I went on with the feeling that I was approaching Camelot. Durham is a great city to approach: so is York, whose twin towers beckon you on from Beverley, but Stirling in the evening, with a blow-out storm in the sky and the air drenched with the melancholy of autumn, is like a chapter of Malory.

So Mr. Morton writes, and in such mood he passes through Scotland, interspersing musing and sightseeing with casual conversation by the wayside, and his chronicle with reminiscence and anecdote.

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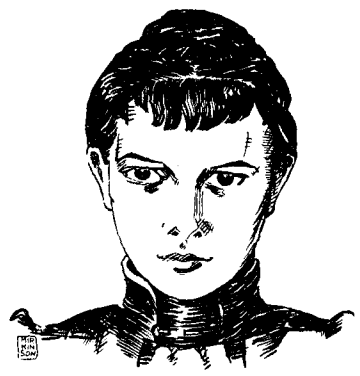

"She was Mrs. Mason now—"

"And she felt exactly as she looked, young and competent and strong, ready to take her place in the world. Her imagination eagerly pictured the future—her home, her children, her struggles, her happiness. Their life would be beautiful, because she felt the power to make it so. Whatever crisis arrived, she was prepared to solve it, for she had love and faith and reasonableness."

* * *

That was in 1893; Nancy and Alfred were on their honeymoon to Chicago and the World's Fair. They were very much in love and very certain that their life together was to be filled with peace and contentment. But it was not to be so simple; Nancy was to find that love and faith and reasonableness were not enough.

Life was complicated by many things—by her husband's unfaithfulness, by the birth of two children. The McClures, Dr. Moon, the Rev. Bartlett, Lily Mashek, these and many others entered her life bringing moments of happiness and moments of despair. But when her children were settled, when the World War had passed into forgotten things, she smiled to herself and turned her back upon Nebraska.

* * *

"Struggle? She was through with struggle. All she wanted any more was just to live, and see the sun and hope that things might happen. She turned her face to the pillow, and while waiting for sleep to come, thought pleasantly of the new life she would have, in California."

Readers of Glenway Westcott's THE APPLE OF THE EYE, will find here something of the same pungent flavor and sensitive reality.

"Might almost be called a psychological biography of the Middle West . . . a colorful gallery of figures . . . genuineness of emotion . . . restraint of style."—N. Y. Times.

Ivan Beede hails from Nebraska. At the age of twenty-five, when he was working as a reporter on the Boston Post, *he decided to go to Paris and learn to write. In London George Moore advised him to remain in journalism until he was thirty, but he valued Mr. Moore's example more than his advice. He continued on to Paris, where he was discovered by Ford Madox Ford, who printed his work in the* Transatlantic Review. PRAIRIE WOMEN *is his first novel.*

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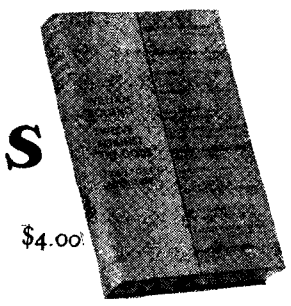
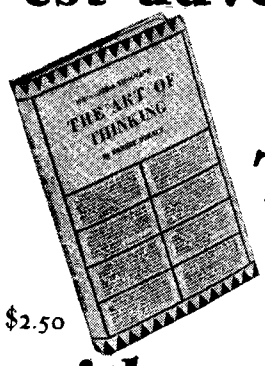
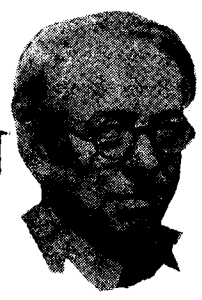
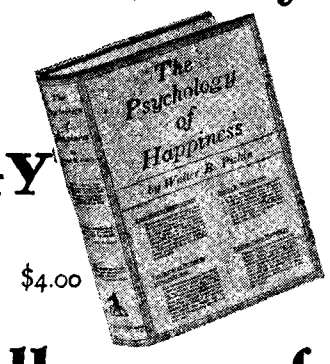
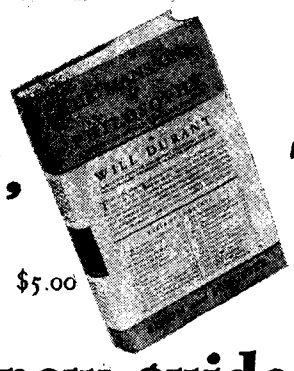
WHEN YOU'RE TIRED of READING NOVELS you'll enjoy the excitement of dramatic facts in TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS  $4.00 **by WILLIAM BOLITHO** **an uncensored story of the world's greatest adventurers . . . Abbé ERNEST DIMNET** **offers**  $2.50 **THE ART OF THINKING to stimulate your mind with mellow wit and wisdom.** $4.00 **PETER THE GREAT is a biography of authority and style by STEPHEN** **GRAHAM . . . . The Science of the Emotions is studied by WALTER B. PITKIN**  **in THE PSYCHOLOGY**  $4.00 **of HAPPINESS . . . And to the millions of followers of** **WILL DURANT,**  $5.00 **THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY brings a new guide to human life and destiny.**

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